PRIVATE EYE

90p

No. 848
Friday
17 June '94

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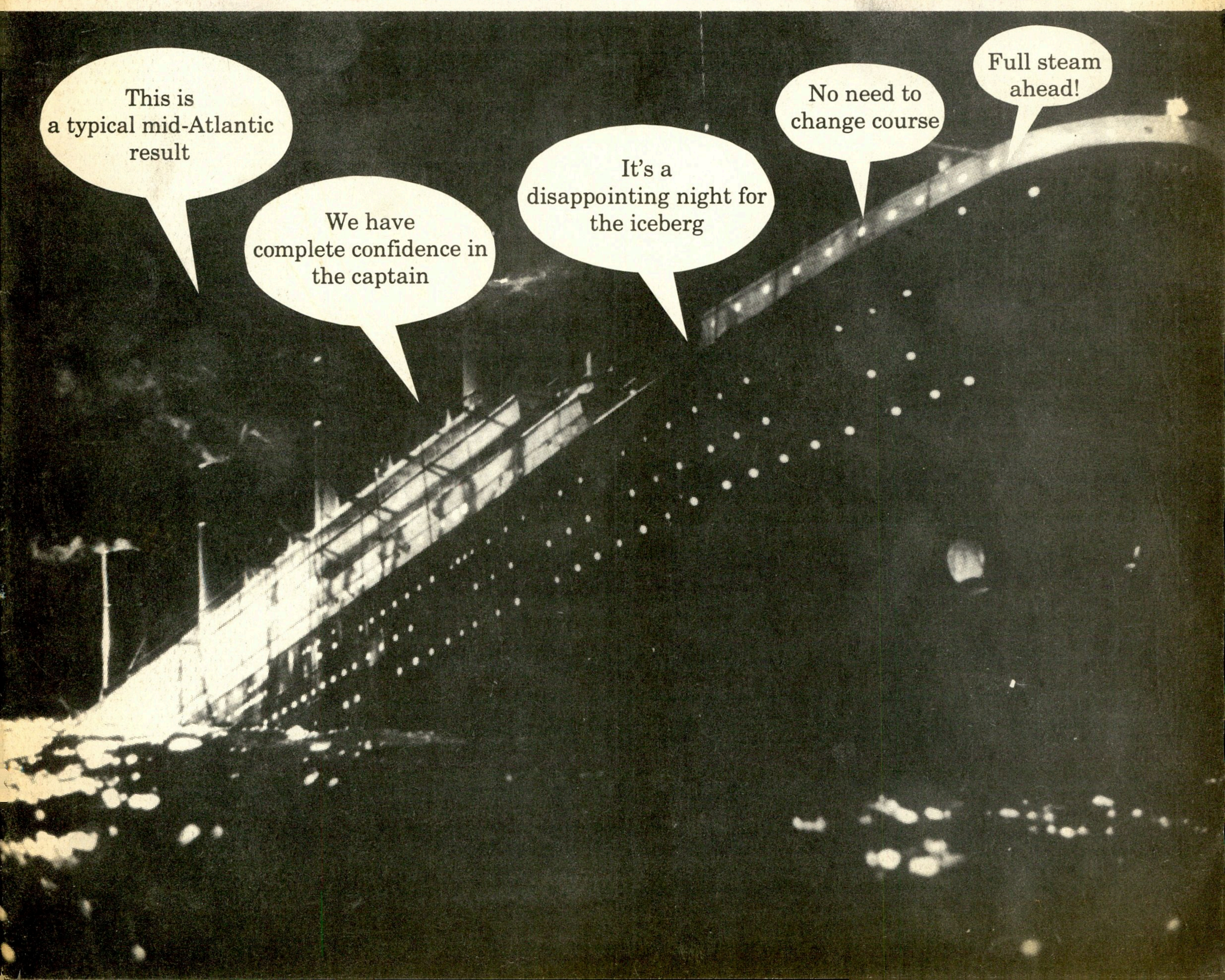
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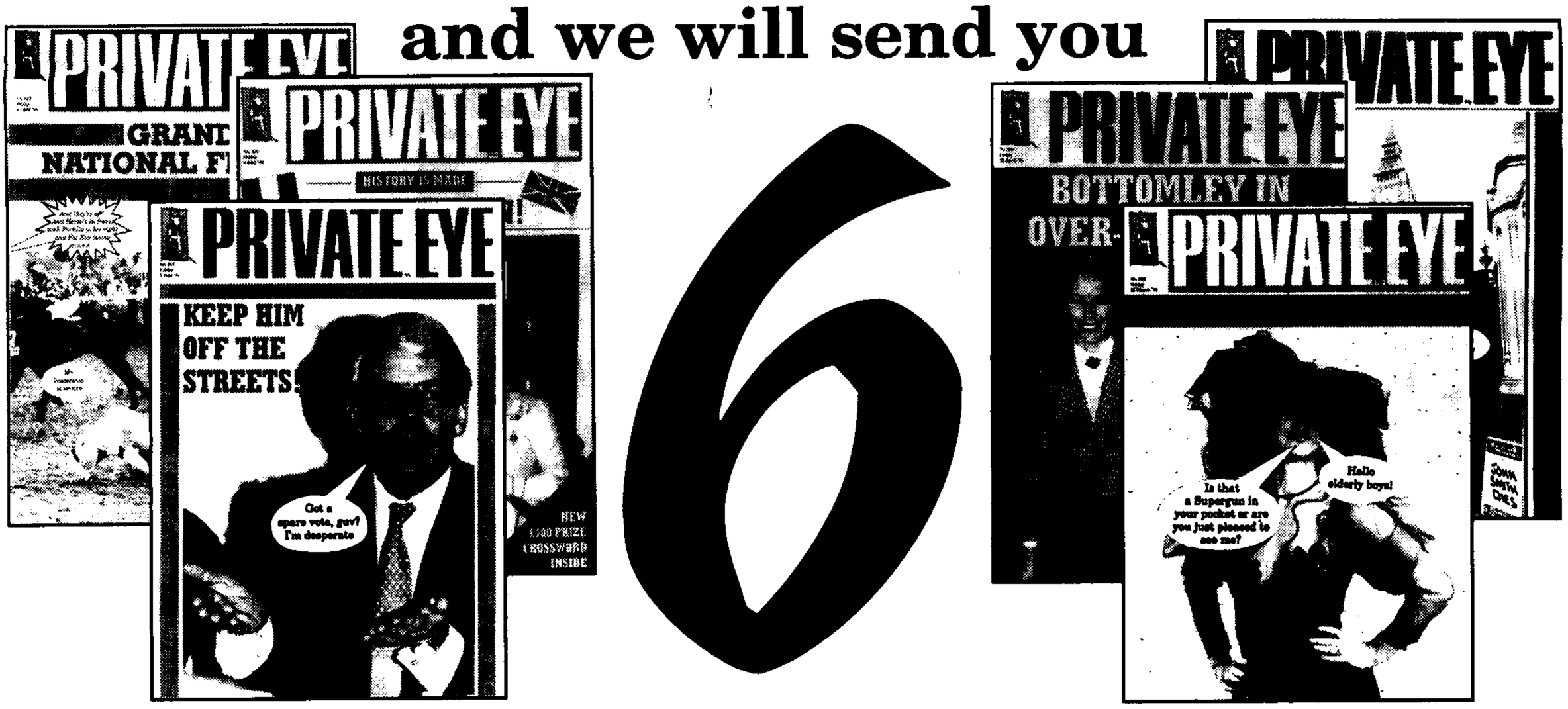
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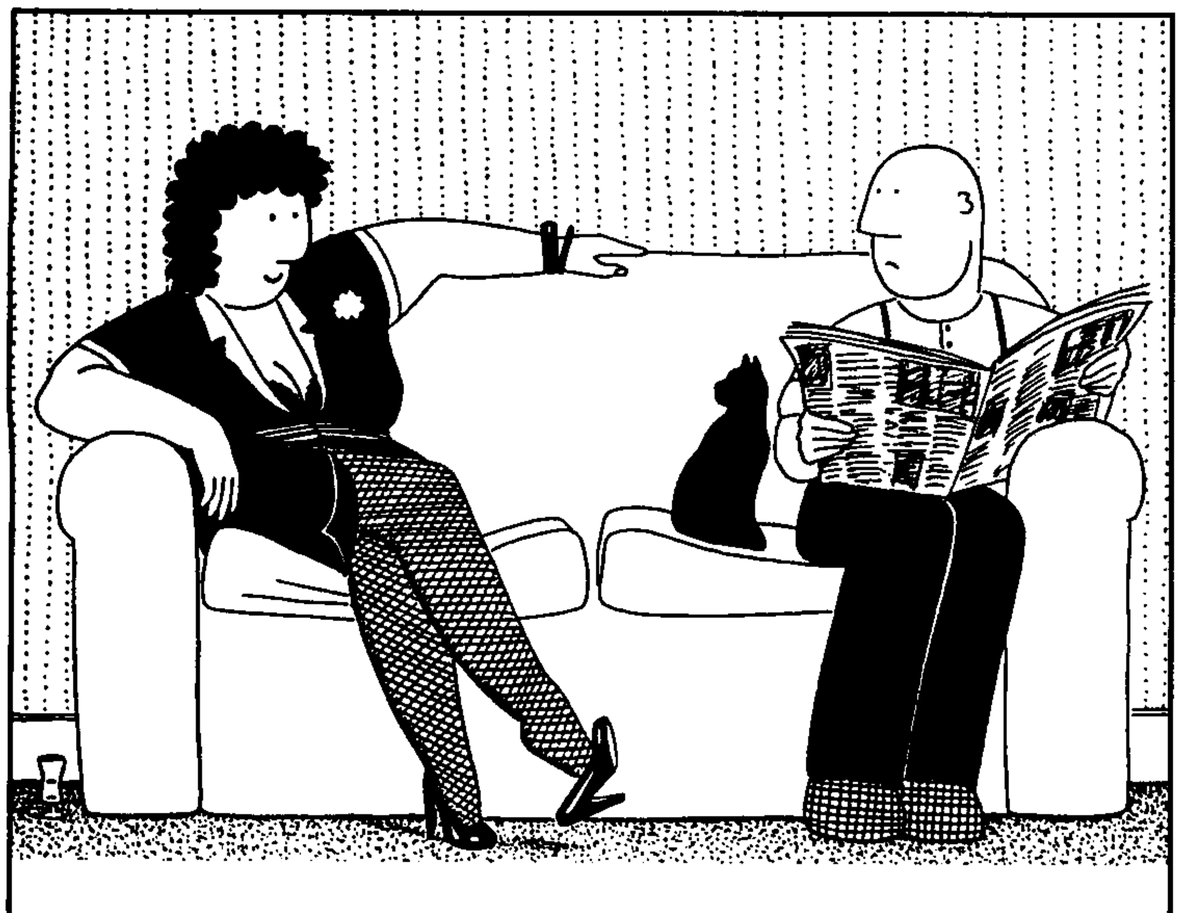

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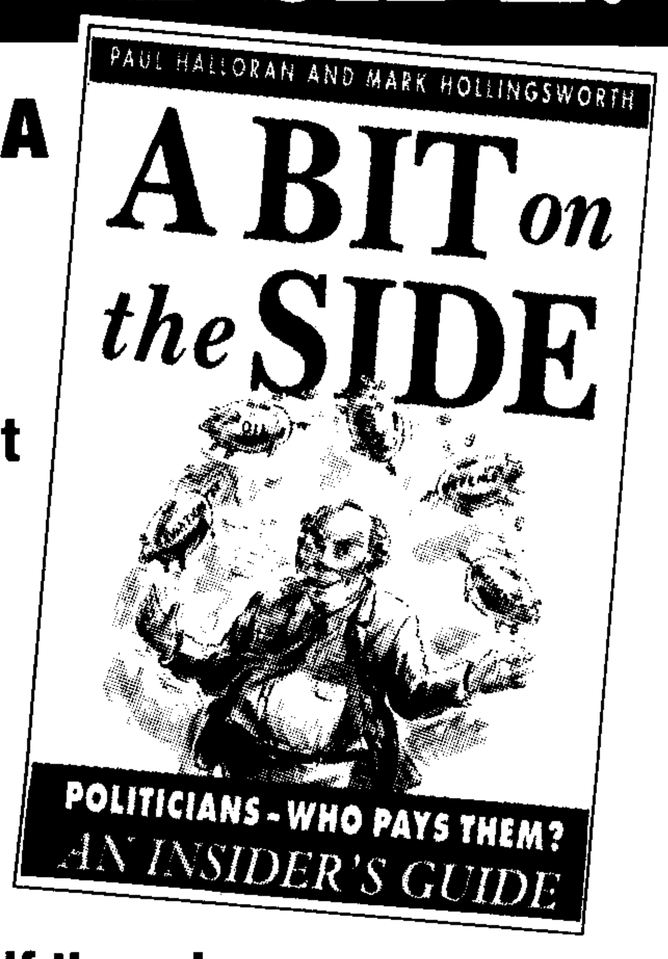

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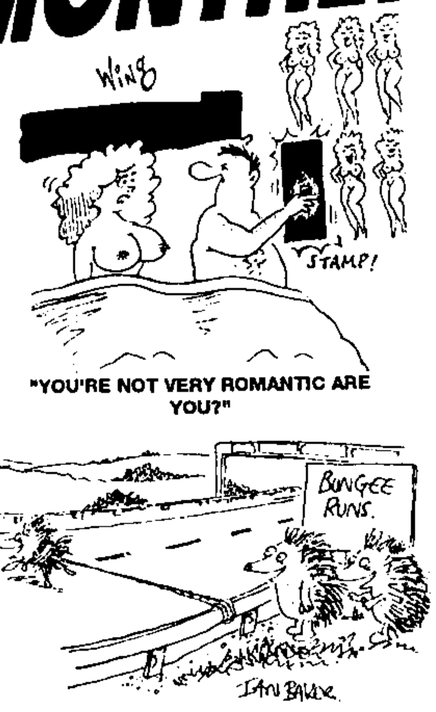
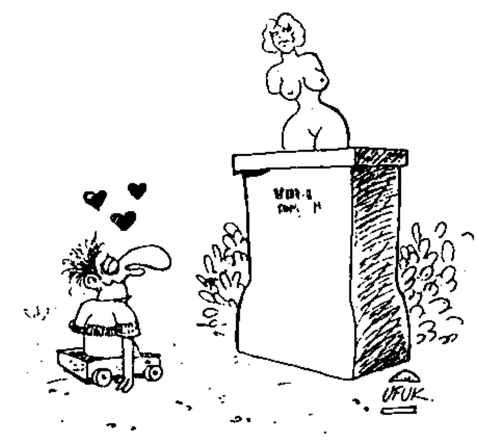


"YOU'RE NOT VERY ROMANTIC ARE YOU?"



ON SALE AT A NEWSAGENT NEAR YOU

NOW!

Gnome

I AM delighted to announce to all my readers that I am once again a happily married man. My new bride, now Lady Gnome, was formerly Ivana Getholda Urchequebuk, a charming Russian widow who chanced upon a photograph of myself in the Moscow Sunday newspaper "Newski of the Screwski".

On reading the sad story of how a blonde foreign bimbo married an old fool for his money she immediately wrote to me saying she would like to do the same.

How strange are the ways of love!

On our wedding night she told me "Dahlink, ven I saw your big, sad, pockets full of money *(shurely 'Eyes'? E.S.)* I knew that you were the man to keep me in cabbage soup for the rest of my life."

Lord Gnome,
The Buck Suite,
The Honeymoon Hotel,
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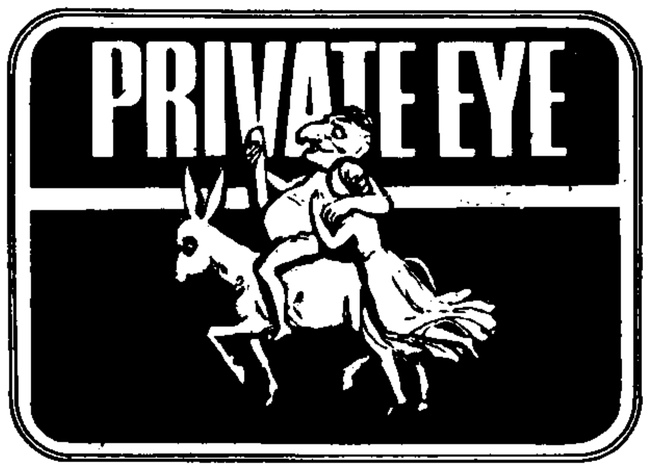

COLOUR SECTION

LOYAL-Tory knights who want to become lords normally have to wait a few years, but an exception was made for Allen Sheppard, hugely talented chairman of Grand Metropolitan.

Sir Allen, knighted by Margaret Thatcher in 1990 shortly before she was chucked out, was quick to express his devotion to her successor.

At the height of the 1992 election campaign when Major was down in the dumps and the polls, Sir Allen rushed to the rescue. From the headquarters of the Prince's Youth Business Trust (which he chairs), he organised a round robin letter to the *Times* signed by the Great and the Rich from Britain's ruling business class.

All declared undying faith in free enterprise and their certain belief that a Tory government would be good for business. That sort of thing obviously deserves a quick reward, as milord Sheppard has now found.

WHAT a cruel trick the prime minister played by bestowing a privy councillorship on Sir Christopher Prout on the day before his humiliating defeat as MEP for Hereford and Shropshire!

And was Mr Major conveying a similarly subtle message of grateful farewell to the two Tory MPs — Andrew Bowden (Brighton Kemptown) and Kenneth Carlisle (Lincoln) — whom he made knights bachelor and whose seats are very marginal indeed?

THE long-suffering people of the Sussex port of Newhaven are not very enthusiastic about the Channel tunnel.

They fear for one of the town's last big employers (and its lifeline to the outside world), the ferry service to Dieppe.

Ferry campaigners will lobby local Tory MP Tim Rathbone — and he knows all about the subject. As his list of registered business interests says, he's a "parliamentary and public affairs consultant to Eurotunnel PLC: rail transportation".

THE Labour Party in John Smith's old constituency of Monklands East, having been battered by scandal for the past year, now seems determined to provoke yet more controversy with its selection of Cap'n Bob's former crony Helen Liddell as prospective parliamentary candidate for the by-election.

"The truth is," she told an interviewer two weeks ago, "I have never worked for Robert Maxwell. It is a smear to suggest I was ever employed by him."

How, then, does she explain the fact that from 1988 to 1992 she was director of corporate affairs at the *Daily Record* and *Sunday Mail*, Maxwell's Scottish papers? "There is a considerable difference between working personally for Robert Maxwell and working for the *Daily Record* and *Sunday Mail*," she explained in another interview.

Not in her case there wasn't. As the newspaper *Scotland on Sunday* has pointed out, she was hired personally by the fat man himself, who telephoned her at home in April 1988 to offer her the job. He was so pleased with his catch he even issued a statement boasting of his recruitment of "this outstanding Scottish personality". Soon afterwards she escorted him to a function in Edinburgh City Chambers, where he was presenting awards to those involved in the Commonwealth Games. She clung to him so closely that at one point she even followed him into the gents' lavatory — a historic moment that was recorded on film by a BBC TV documentary crew filming the event.

In the following two years, she often accompanied Maxwell in his private plane on trips abroad, including a famous sortie to Bulgaria to advise the new government on how to run its elections. And now she asks us to believe she was merely "working for the *Daily Record* and *Sunday Mail*" on all these occasions. If that's her level of honesty, she could go far in politics.

AMAZING BUT TRUE

42,000 votes for this Conservative candidate (W. Yorks), seen here in his election leaflet in full armour. He was second.

POOR Hartley Booth, Margaret Thatcher's successor as Tory MP for Finchley, may have no idea about the full extent of his potential losses at Lloyd's about which he used to moan to his loved one, Emily Barr (see last *Eye*).

He came to the market in the worst possible year, 1989, and was dumped in all the worst syndicates — including Gooda Walker, Devonshire, Rose Thomson Young and even Sturge. The *Eye* calculates his known losses are £470,000 but that his so far undeclared losses are £561,795. This brings him into that very special band of Tory MPs who are millionaire losers at Lloyd's.

Why is Hartley not following his colleague Paul Marland on to the floor of the Commons to denounce the swindlers? Why doesn't he declare his syndicate in the MPs' register of interests?

- ***Hallo to Valerie Harkess*** 7
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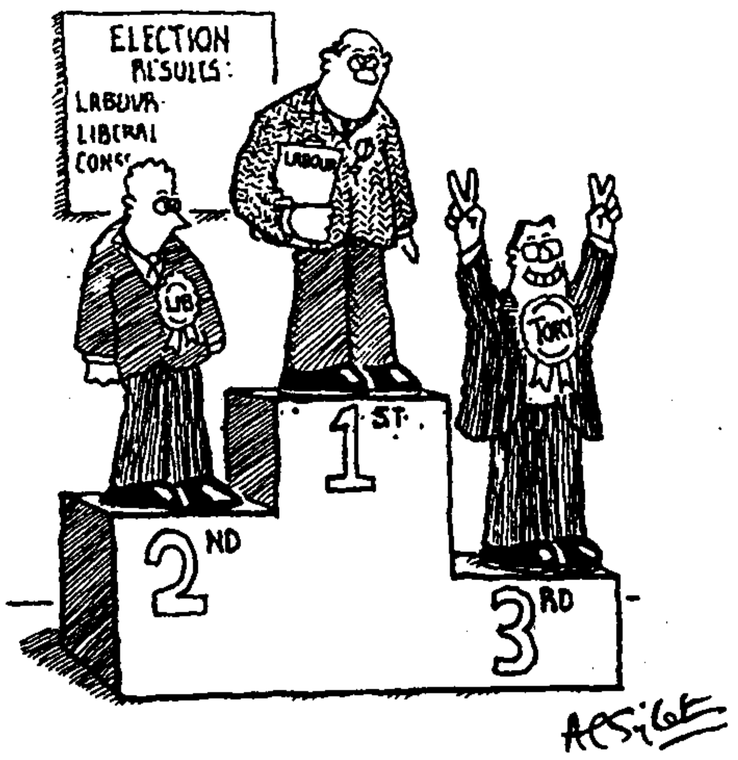
- ***Carl Bridgewater Latest*** 27



STREET of SHAME

THE *Bristol Evening Post* — the "newspaper at the heart of Bristol" — was delighted with its scoop report of John Major's attack on beggars.

In the same week as editor Adrian Faber enthusiastically endorsed the prime minister's comments ("they strike a chord with our readers," he oozed), he set out to prove the point by introducing his journalists to the notion of penury. After derecognising the National Union of Journalists, he slashed the basic hack's salary from £16,000 a year to less than £13,000 and told the disgruntled trade unionists that if they wanted to meet on company premises they would have to pay a £25 fee.

No such restrictions apply to the paper's shareholders. Profits of the *Bristol Evening Post* (which is 40 per cent owned by the Dail Mail General Trust) are up from £3.1 million to £4.1 million and dividends are up by 40 per cent.

"I would," says the company chairman, local businessman Stanley Clarke, "like to thank all our employees for their continued efforts." For some mysterious reason, not all his employees return the compliment.

MICHAEL Green's Carlton TV may have taken a hammering from the ITC but it still has one doughty supporter in Fleet Street: Max "Hitler" Hastings of the *Daily Telegraph*, a close friend and tennis partner of the smarmy Green.

Imagine Hitler's fury, then, when he heard last month that the *Torygraph*'s respected media columnist Brenda Maddox was planning to write a hostile piece about Green and his crappy TV company. Hastings immediately despatched a letter to Maddox's home address, saying he was horrified by the idea and ordering her to desist.

Maddox obediently abandoned the article. But to no avail: last week, without explanation, Hastings sacked her.

READERS of Richard Littlejohn's column in last Monday's *Sun* were treated to a spoof version of *Dad's Army*, with John Major as Captain Mainwaring, Douglas Hurd as Sgt Wilson, etc, etc.

Well, English readers were. Someone at the Murdoch plant in Manchester, where Irish editions of the paper are printed, felt it was a bit strong for the more God-fearing readers in the Celtic fringe. Copies destined for Ireland thus had a blank space in the final column.

What fearful obscenity had been censored? It was a line from Private Pike (Michael Portillo): "My mum isn't going to be very happy. She looks forward to her sausage at the weekends, doesn't she, Uncle Arthur?"

Standards of decency at the *Sun* have clearly changed since Kelvin Mackenzie's departure. A couple of years ago, when it discovered that Antonia de Sancha had appeared in a soft-porn movie about a one-legged pizza delivery man, even the paper's Irish edition headlined the story: "But Did She Hold The Sausage?"

THE DEMISE of Nigel Pratt-Dumpster, dreary *Daily Mail* diarist, has been temporarily postponed because the chief rat — his deputy Adam Helliker — has decided to climb back aboard the sinking shit *(shurely 'ship'? Ed)*.

Fearful that life as features editor of the *News of the Screws* at Wapping might have required some actual work, Helliker has been persuaded to stay with Pratt-Dumpster after all, although another assistant still intends to leave.

As the one who takes charge of the dreary [*sic*] during Dumpster's frequent absences in foreign parts, Helliker once challenged the *Mail*'s fashion desk to see who could get the endearing phrase "moist gusset" into the paper first.

Helliker won by including a bogus socialite called "Moi St. Gusset" in the list of guests attending some typically fatuous event. Sir David English would have found this very amusing if he had known about it.

THE *Observer* recently ran a series of supplements on censorship, all full of righteous indignation on behalf of writers who are persecuted for exercising their right to free speech.

The spirit of benign liberalism does not, however, extend to the newspaper's own staff, as veteran *Observer* hack Peter Hillmore has discovered.

A couple of weeks ago one of Pisspore's enemies in the office hacked into his computer queue and dug out an exchange of messages with Simon Hoggart, the former *Obs* columnist who now works at the *Grauniad*. The messages revealed that Pisspore felt the present regime at the *Observer* was not making full use of his talents.

The print-out was passed to *Observer* editor Jonathan Fenby (*Who he? Ed.*), who promptly suspended Hillmore without pay for a week.

This seems a trifle harsh, especially since the computer print-out makes it clear that the real culprit was the mischievous Hoggart. "I think," Hoggart advised Hillmore on 12 May, "there may be a good case for buying an assault rifle, returning to work tomorrow, and spraying about 1,000 rounds in the general direction of the News Desk... If that fails, try once more. Then say 'Look, I've asked you three times. I want to work. What do you want me to do, you pillox, it's already Thursday evening?' "

On 19 May, Hoggart sent another message, saying he had heard the *Spectator* was running "a viscious attack" (*sic*) on his own editor, Peter Preston, by Paul Johnson. Hillmore dutifully faxed the Johnson article to Hoggart, who replied: "Thanks for the fax. Always good to see one of the bosses being slagged off... I agree with much of it."

Preston is clearly a more tolerant fellow than the nervous Fenby. In spite of his disloyalty, Hoggart keeps his job at the *Graun*.

JUST FANCY THAT

Then, just to prove that Scotland is a home away from home for the weary traveller, we found a bed and breakfast near Kyle of Lochalsh, run by a Mr and Mrs Macmillan at Grianan House. We didn't want to leave. After all, this is what we came all the way from Australia to find.

We will be back next year. Thank you, Donald and Zena, also young Donald, for restoring our faith in Scotland, and in the Scots.

Letter to The Scots Magazine
26.5.94

An Inverinate man appeared in private at Dingwall Sheriff Court on Monday, charged with the murder of hillwalker Helen Torbet who disappeared last summer.

He is Donald McMillan (32), son of the owners of Grianan House, Inverinate — the guesthouse where Mrs Torbet had been staying while on holiday.

The West Highland Free Press
26.5.94

THREE reporters at the *News of the Screws* somehow failed to adhere to the paper's policy of "Make your excuses and leave" when they visited a stripper recently.

Chris Blyth, Kizzi Knowchka and Stuart Fowler were sent to a seedy Soho club to acquire a photograph of the young lady. She had been the subject of a *Screws* probe because of her alleged intimate involvement with two Arsenal footballers, captain and England international Tony Adams and midfielder Tony Parlour.

The paper needed a picture for a follow-up story, so the three hacks were despatched with a video-camera to see the stripper. However, after turning on the video the hacks became rather excited with their interviewee and joined in the performance. Sadly, the *Screws* investigators forgot to switch off the camera and an interesting film of the Ugandan variety was recorded.

On returning to the office the video cassette was handed to a picture editor who printed out some stills of the stripper. Unfortunately, the three intrepid hacks were all in the frame — quite literally. So when the pix were shown to boyish editor Piers Morgan he was horrified. He called in news editor Alex Marunchak, pointed to the photos and shouted: "This is a willy too far".

No action was taken against the three reporters, as Blyth is a close friend of Morgan. Instead, Marunchak was instructed to summon all *Screws* news reporters for a secret briefing session on how to handle, so to speak, interviewing women of easy virtue. Much to the hacks' disappointment, the meeting was cancelled. "If we have this meeting," said Marunchak, "the story will leak out and appear in *Private Eye* and we can't allow that to happen."

Certainly not.

WRITING in the *Times* under the heading A GOOD YEAR FOR THE MEDIA, solicitor Duncan Lamont of Biddle & Co recently told how judicial decisions in areas like secrecy, contempt and breach of confidence marked a "refreshing change in wind speed and direction", with hacks benefiting from greater reporting freedom.

He referred to the case of Neil Hyde and his INS news agency in Reading, Berkshire. Hyde had been taken to court by Broadmoor hospital, which was seeking to force him to reveal the source of two confidential inquiry reports.

Hyde won his case as the judge felt the public was entitled to know about mismanagement at Broadmoor. But Lamont failed to lavish due praise upon the solicitor who acted for Broadmoor in its bid to force the hack to reveal his source — one Duncan Lamont.

CONGRATULATIONS to the *Daily Express*, whose dribbling nincompoops have scored the first own goal of the world cup.

As well as regular team reports, the rag has secured the services of Ireland manager Jack Charlton to produce a ghosted column, and launched a fantasy league-style super squad contest (albeit with a relatively low £25,000 first prize for a £2.50 entry fee). Most impressive of all is a giant, full-colour official world cup map planner complete with stickers of the teams' national flags. This highly desirable item costs £2.99 from WH Smith — but *Express* readers can cut out the middle man and buy it for, er, £4.99.

The map has been produced in association with FIFA which, alas, supplied details of kick-off times in something called UTC. It is exactly the same as Greenwich mean time, except that the French don't recognise Greenwich. The *Express* sports desk faithfully reproduced this inside information even though the UK is on British summer time, which is one hour ahead of UTC/GMT.

As a result the 100,000 overpriced cup "planners" are on sale with the wrong match times. As *Express* readers will soon be chanting: "We was robbed."

JOHN MAJOR's last remaining friend, Bruce "Brute" Anderson of the *Sunday Express*, has developed a *tendresse* for a female prison psychologist who works at Wormwood Scrubs.

But when he rang the jail the other day to speak to her, he was furious to learn that she could not be reached — and that he couldn't leave a message for her.

The burly hack immediately started throwing his weight around, asking to speak to the governor and deputy governor, and boasting of his "influential contacts" in the cabinet. Still unable to obtain satisfaction, he rang the head of the prison service at the home office to demand urgent action.

And he got it: last week an answering machine was installed on the psychologist's extension at the prison. In future, the Brute will be able to leave fond messages for his *inamorata* as often as he likes.

As Bruce so often points out in his *Sunday Express* column: isn't John Major's government grand?

HALLO!

The new heartwarming column by *The Marquesa*

HALLO! AS THE muck-raking tabloids reveal, Valerie Harkess has had more than her fair share of cock (*Shurely "cock and bull stories written about her"? The Marquesa*). Talking exclusively to *Hallo!*, she agreed to put the record straight regarding one longstanding friendship — with old Carthusian barrister Tim Daniel.

Yes, she confesses, her relationship with Tim *did* overlap intrusively with her passion for dashing ex-minister Alan Clark, not to mention her relationship with her husband. But, she says tearfully, that is as far as it went.

Daniel's lavish lifestyle stretched his meagre earnings, and in the mid-1970s he was in the news for his flamboyant campaign to save Temple Bar, the Fleet Street monument, from demolition. This campaign took him around the world, usually with Valerie in tow. There was one specially expensive trip to the United States where he ran up a huge bill on his American Express card.

In 1979, Tim was seen all over London with Valerie and her children. Both Valerie and her daughter Alison stayed regularly at his flat, and Tim boasted that she had left her husband to live with him.

But it was not so. Her husband was richer (*Shurely "in South Africa"?*), and Valerie returned faithfully to Cape Town.

HALLO! **SAD news for the popular Duchess of York, who is said to be house-hunting in Ireland — a tax haven for successful writers.**

The "creator" of *Budgie the Helicopter* will have been delighted that shares in the merchandising company that represents her rose after new licensing deals were announced for exciting things like Budgie sponges, inflatable toys and towels.

But as her close financial adviser John Bryan has no doubt told her, such deals only bring in the money if consumers actually buy the, er, high-quality merchandise — and that needs TV coverage.

None of the three major US networks has agreed to screen the *Budgie* cartoons, and even Rupert Murdoch's aggressive Fox network has so far declined to gasp this tremendous opportunity. Without a TV slot, merchandise simply will not sell in America, the most lucrative territory; and it seems the widely reported projections of the lovable duchess's income have been miscalculated.

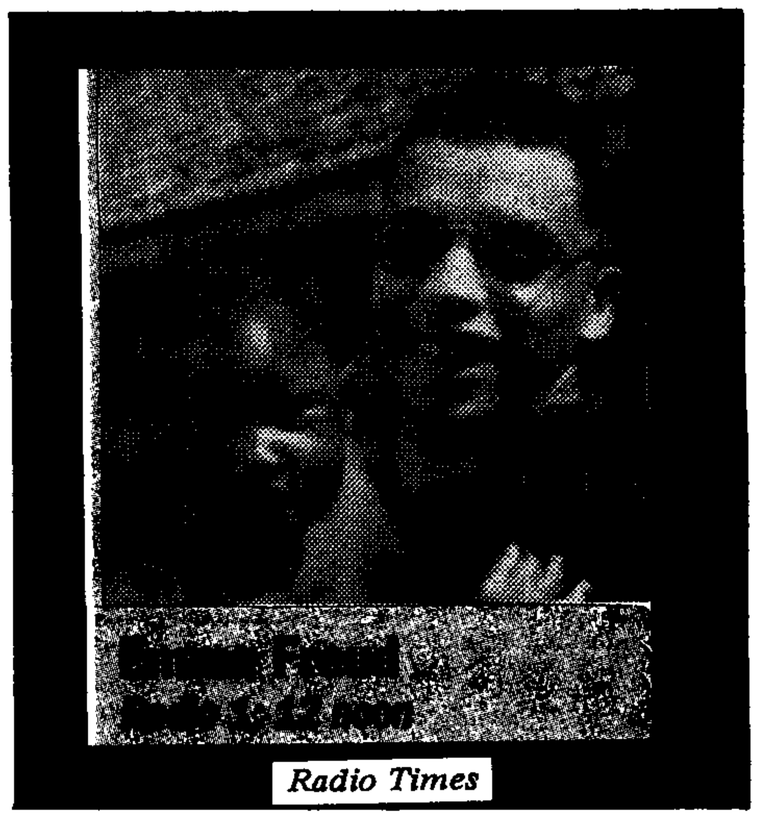
In Fergie's case, however, every cloud has an imitation silver lining: the lack of a big bucks American TV deal might explain the sluggish attitude of rival publisher Reed International to its possible plagiarism case against *Budgie*: the money might not even be there to pay the legal bills, let alone any damages.

HALLO! *HELL hath no fury like an ageing newspaper columnist (Bernard Levin) trying to get back at a former funky love rival (John Selwyn Gummer).*

As Levin wrote recently in the Times, the man described elsewhere as a "shit bag" is "the epitome of what I most loathe".

Years ago, the equally unattractive Levin and Gummer were of course rival suitors to the fragrant Ms Arianna Stassinopoulos, and Levin has clearly not yet got over the episode.

HALLO! **FOLLOWERS of Alan Clark's adventures may be interested in an item from John Betjeman's *Letters*, published by Methuen last month. It is a letter Betjeman wrote to Alan's father, Lord Clark of Civilisation, in November 1949,**



suggesting "a *temporary* solution for Alan", who was apparently going through a difficult patch at the time.

"You say he is a Christian and likes adventure," Betjeman noted. "Why not get him to stay, if he does not do so already, at the Trinity Mission or any other mission in the slums of London, Liverpool or Glasgow? All the adventure possible, all the outlets for energy are there. Also one gets first-hand evidence on crime. Also, the regular, almost monastic life in a mission house is a sure steadying effect and establisher of true social sense."

Perhaps this explains why Alan Clark has maintained such a steady monastic lifestyle ever since.

HALLO! *NO ONE was surprised to see fun-loving Nicholas "Bunter" Soames in ES magazine's list of London's top 400 "most influential and significant players".*

The minister for overeating — "quite possibly the most popular politician in the land" — is, after all, the brother of ES magazine's editor, Emma Soames. Sadly she excised the most amusing item about Bunter: the observation of an ex-girlfriend that canoodling with him is "like having a wardrobe fall on top of you with the key sticking out of it".

WORLD OF INFERIORS

HALLO! WITH typical modesty Eve Pollard, editor of the *Sunday Express*, is drawing a discreet veil over one of her paper's most exciting editorial projects: the decoration of the "South of France *Sunday Express* House".

In internal memos the names of the house's owners are being kept secret from the decoration consultants and trade suppliers who are decking it out. Nor are the names being waved under the nose of Express Newspapers boss Lord Stevens, several of whose employees have been engaged on this important project for the last couple of months.

And quite right too: la Bollard and her husband Sir Nick Lloyd, editor of the *Daily Express*, recently spent £380,000 of their own money on the house and they don't want to make lesser mortals feel inadequate.

Bollard's assistant Matthew Mervyn-Jones, and Tony Rocca, a stringer based in the South of France, spent weeks finding the house and have been suitably rewarded. Jones has a staff job and Bollard has insisted, to the irritation of her foreign editor, that Rocca be given an inordinate number of assignments in return for his excellent work — fax machines in the Grey

Lady Pollard in Ascot gear

Lubianka were *jammed* with estate agents' bumf.

The project started in earnest in early May when features editor Anna Stewart asked Jenny Nisbet for a "list on 'how white works with white' and three top designers". By 13 May Nisbet had recruited trade suppliers to provide fittings and furnishings in return for plugs. The list was impressive: paint from Paint Magic; terracotta tiles and medieval matting from Crucial Trading; plantation shutters from American Shutters; two large sofas from Recline; a stone Louis XIV fireplace from Marble Hill Fireplaces; a coffee table from David Wainwright; downlighters and uplighters from John Cullen; mirrors from McCloud; etc, etc. Only the paintings, as Nisbet reminded Bollard, are to be "from your own collection".

Since then Gail Flett, of PR company Charles Barker, and Judy Smith, a Crown Paints colour consultant, have had some exciting ideas. In a memo to Nisbet on 20 May, Flett wrote that "Judy suggests using only White to give a stylish contrast to the terracotta floor, to provide a fresh, crisp look to the room and accentuate its coolness (for those long hot summer days). When used alone, White can be very calming, enlarges space and accentuates natural light."

The furnishings were loaded on to a pantechnicon, ferried across the Channel by Sir Jeffrey Stirling's P&O, and delivered to the "*Sunday Express* House". The house will be completed (with "journalist" Rocca overseeing the work) in time for Sir Nick and Lady Freebie to enjoy several calming holidays over the summer.

As they say, nice work if you can get it without blushing — and the Lloyds clearly can.

WHEN does "no" mean "almost certainly yes"? When it's an answer from a foreign office minister in the Commons.

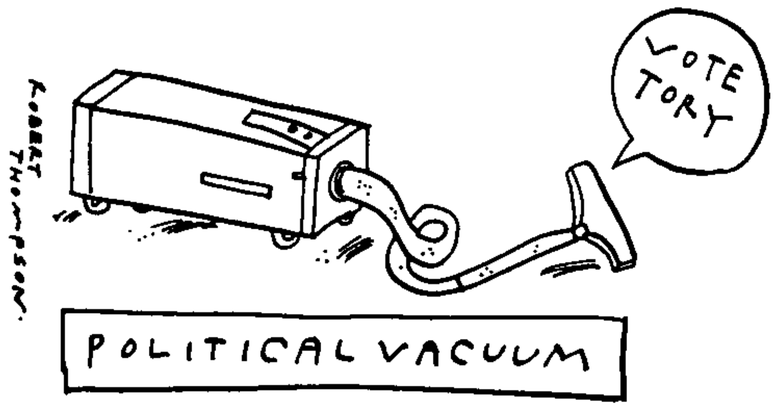
The *Eye* has already referred to the strange reply of "no" from Guinness millionaire Mark Lennox-Boyd, parliamentary under secretary at the foreign office. He was answering a question from Labour MP Llew Smith on "whether the decision to grant support for the Pergau dam hydro-electric project in Malaysia was linked to any other bilateral trade agreement with Malaysia".

As has now been universally admitted, the true answer was, er, "yes". There had been, in foreign secretary Douglas Hurd's own words to Parliament, a "temporary entanglement" between the loan and other trade agreements, not to mention arms deals.

Why did Lennox-Boyd say "no" when he should have said "yes"? He was asked this on a Channel Four *Despatches* programme last month, and for those who missed it, here is his reply:

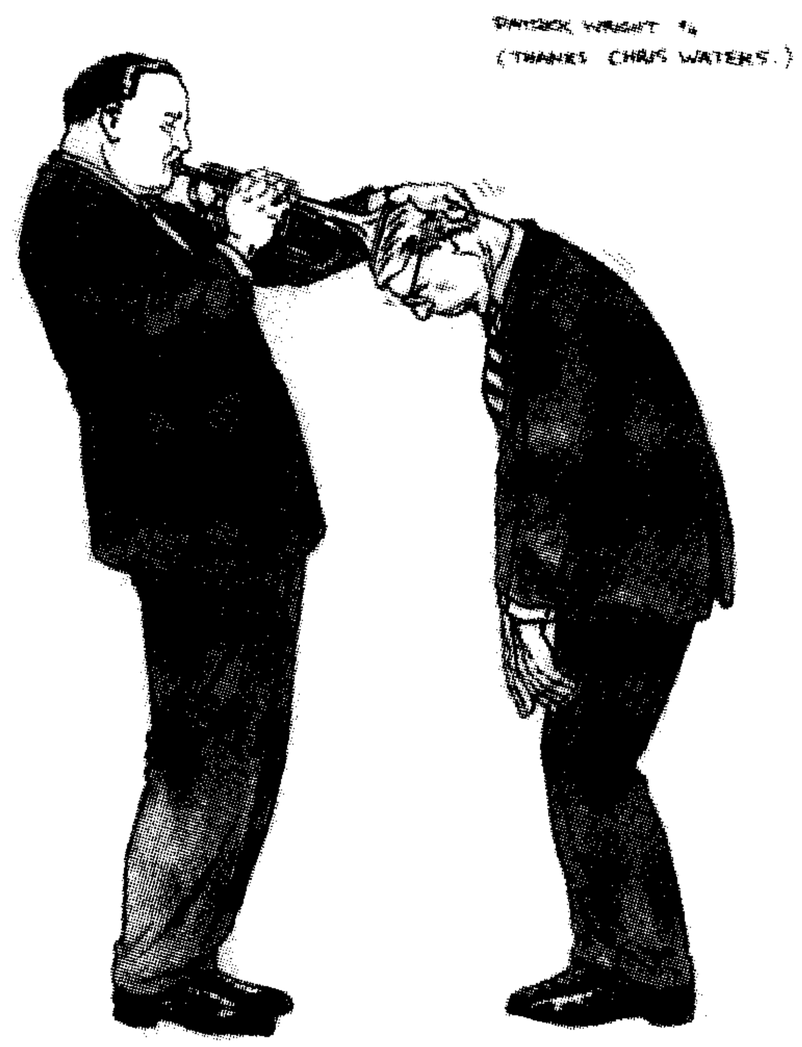
"I wasn't prepared to go into any detailed qualification of the word 'no' because the secretary of state himself was giving evidence to the select committee two days later and it seemed to me right that that's where the matter should be properly investigated."

Oh dear. The "no" answer was on 3 November last year. On 5 November Parliament was prorogued. The foreign secretary came to the select committee on 23 November but never mentioned Pergau. In wasn't until 2 March this year — four months later — that he admitted to the committee that there was a link between trade and aid. Asked if he would resign for telling the Commons the opposite of the truth, Lennox-Boyd said "no". He meant it.



101 USES FOR A JOHN MAJOR

A TRUMPET MUTE



THERE IS much jockeying for position in Barnsley East, where the Labour party has a vacancy to take over the rock solid seat from Terry Patchett.

The local National Union of Mineworkers usually puts up the successful candidate, and as the NUM is in the process of moving its national HQ from Sheffield to Barnsley, a certain Mr A. Scargill could be on hand to receive a nomination.

Sadly for those who would like to see King Arthur on the Labour benches in the Commons, the influence of the NUM locally has been greatly reduced following the closure of all pits in the Barnsley district.

Even if the constituency chose him unanimously, there is no way the Walworth Road modernisers would allow the NUM president on to a shortlist of candidates. But a nomination would certainly create some sparks and could be the first nightmare for whatever "dream ticket" takes over the people's party.

WHILE the MP Quentin Davies annoyed Eddie George, governor of the Bank of England, more and more at a treasury select committee hearing, one of his Tory colleagues commented: "Even when he tries to ingratiate himself with someone, he's offensive."

Though an important chap when acting as a paid adviser to the Nat West bank, Davies lacks bottle. When the committee, drawing up its report into City regulation, came to vote on an amendment to censor Joe Palmer, chairman of the Personal Investment Authority (PIA), Davies said that if the amendment were carried he would vote against the whole report.

Half an hour later his courageous defence of Mr Palmer evaporated and he obeyed the Tory whips and put his name to the report with its highly critical motion.

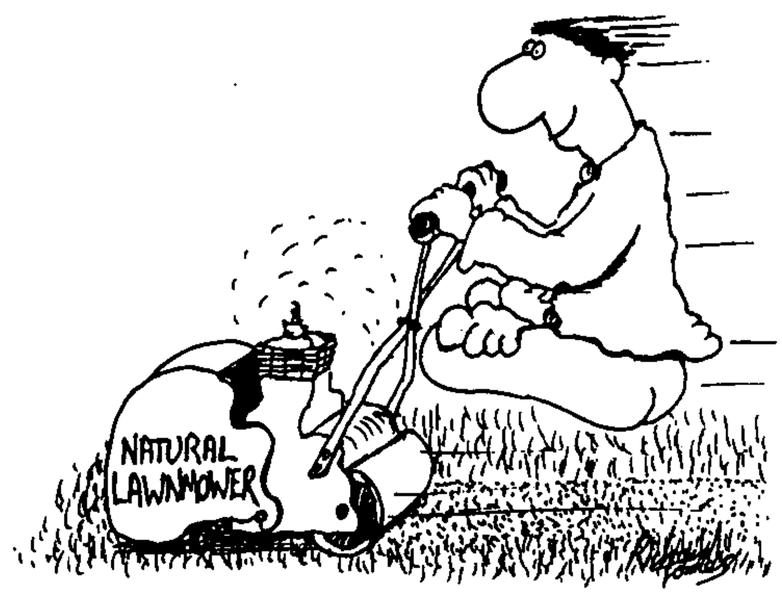
THE GALL of Nicholas Scott, the minister for the disabled who lied to parliament over the civil rights (disabled persons) bill, continues unabated.

Scott has now written to all 650 MPs saying the bill did not complete its report state "as there were insufficient members in the House to continue business".

Well, up to a point Lord Copper.

The bill fell because Scott authorised the planting of hundreds of amendments during the report stage, then personally filibustered for an hour when the bill's sponsor, Roger Berry, said he would accept all the amendments, and then got the government whips to call a division — knowing there was no quorum in the House because most of the bill's supporters were praying for John Smith's soul in Edinburgh.

'Backbiter'



Pseuds Corner

Other aspects of having been a debutante, as Laura Sandys suggests, are more positive.

The other day, I found myself picking up the phone. I dialled the Countess of Walton's number. It is useful to be able to get straight through to a Saatchi's account director on the basis that, one frivolous summer, we attended a few parties together.

ANNABEL HESELTINE
Sunday Times

Lesbian Chic marries suffragette with supermodel and catches the zeitgeist...

JOANNA BRISCOE
Sunday Times

"This is Michael Winner speaking. I'd like to book a table next Wednesday for myself and Michael Caine and his wife."

"It will be a great honour to have Michael Caine here," said a man with a strong French accent. "What about me?" I replied. "Won't it be an honour to have me?" "It will be nice to have you as well," said the Frenchman dismissively. "What time would you like to come?" "Eight o'clock," I said. Another pause. "Could you make it 7.45?" said the Frenchman. "Look," I said, "if it's a great honour to have Michael Caine, do you think we should really ask him to come at a time he doesn't want?" "It will be all right at eight o'clock," said the Frenchman, "but 7.45 is better."

I put the phone down in stupefaction. "This is what eating out in London has come to," I said to myself. The customer is a pawn for the convenience of the restaurant. Ghastly beyond belief.

MICHAEL WINNER
Sunday Times

From a crypto-Oedipal mythification of the *drame bourgeois*, with a middle-aged father discovering to his horror that his mistress has cuckolded him with his own son, Cocteau concocted (or concocteaued) a kind of Feydeau tragedy.

GILBERT ADAIR
Sunday Times

But oh, Sharon Stone! After seeing this film, even her very name seems fraught with meaning, like in Lolita (Nabokov, not David-ovich). Sharon — that terminally working-class blue-collar slut — teamed with surname that blunts scissors, and knives and pens! That alliteration; so perfect. If Marilyn Monroe spelt Mmmmm, and Brigitte Bardot spelt bébé, the Sharon Stone spells Ssss, a hiss with a kiss, a cobra with a cause. She is where babe meets barbarian: she is quite, quite magnificent.

JULIE BURCHILL
Sunday Times

Television ads for the fragrances whisk you off to a never-never land where everything is dreamily monochrome and eternally perfect. Calvin Klein: the name rolls off the tongue effortlessly. An ideal American brand name (half-Protestant, half-Yiddish), it sounds like something dreamt up by a hot-shot marketing whiz. Just listen to its rhythmic, alliterative qualities and its streamlined, Germanic sound.

Calvin Klein is a most alluring package.

SIMON MILLS
Sunday Times

Contributors: Rodney Smith, George Tooting, A. Ward, A. Non, Richard Pemberton, Brian Davis.

£10 paid for entries

Kathryn Lamb's latest illustrations appear in Terrance Dicks's 'A Right Royal History'.

NOOKS and CORNERS

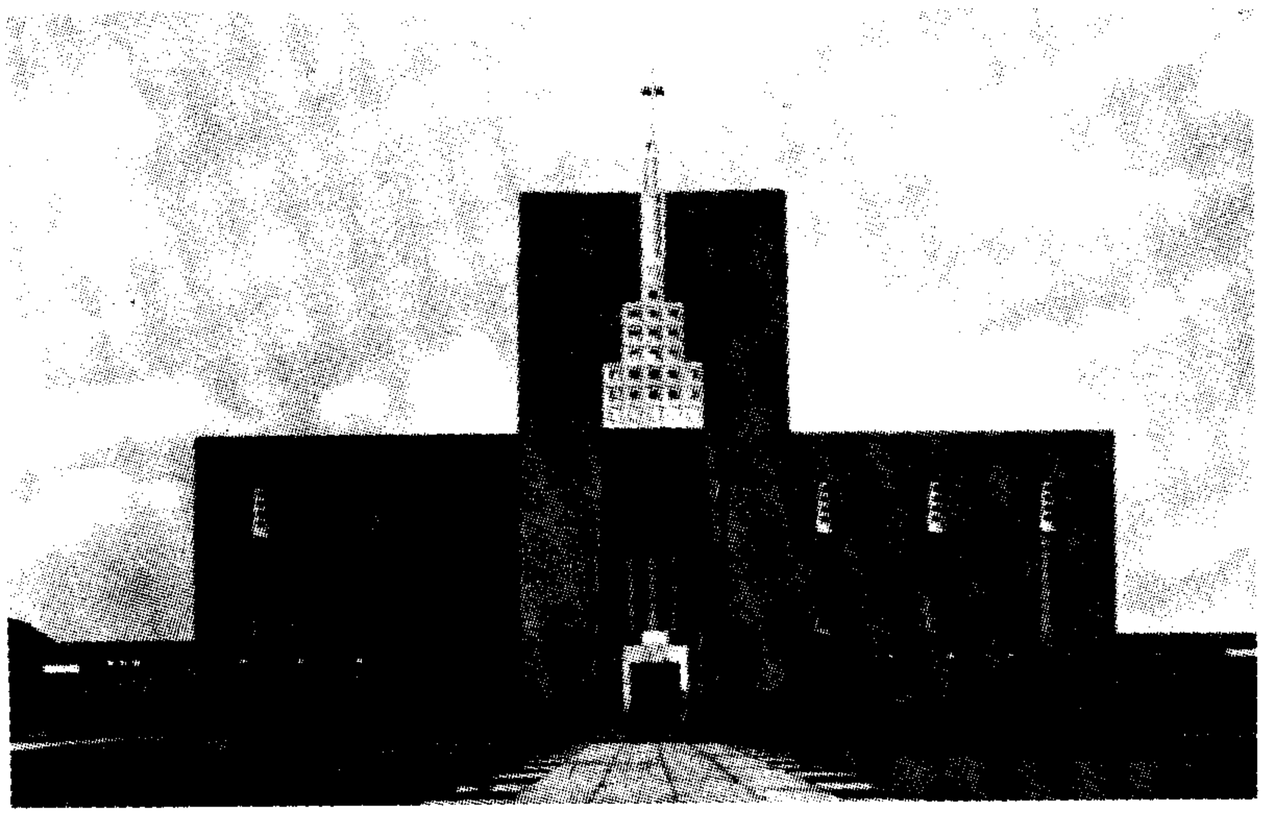
THIS IS an obituary for a remarkable church in Manchester. Oddly enough, fine buildings — unlike human beings — seldom die of old age.

After all, medieval, and even Anglo-Saxon churches seem to go on for ever; and when historic buildings perish they are usually the victims of accident — or murder. But occasionally buildings suffer from premature senility, or from loose-living and overindulgence when denied hospital care.

One such victim is St Christopher's, Withington, a southern suburb of Manchester. This is a striking Art Deco building and it stood as a landmark and the planned focus of a dreary 1930s suburb. It was designed by the Liverpool architect Bernard Miller, who was responsible for some very fine churches. Unfortunately, at St Christopher's he experimented just a little too boldly with reinforced concrete construction. The roof leaked an the structure has decayed.

But, as Frank Lloyd Wright could have told you, buckets on the floor do not necessarily compromise great architecture; nor do they undermine the aesthetic or emotional value of a building. St Christopher's could have been restored and revitalised — as has happened with Miller's splendid church of St Columba, Anfield, in Liverpool — but this would have cost £250,000 and the diocese of Manchester does not have the money.

So, after years of agonising by the diocese and the Council for the Care of Churches and English Heritage, and despite the protest of the Twentieth Century Society, this grade II listed building is to go. The unfortunate parishioners will have to make do with the wretched church hall and Withington will lose its principal focus and landmark. So the Church of England retreats from public gaze. Farewell, then.



BUT I AM not yet writing the obituary of St Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, I am happy to say (Eyes passim). Here is a strange contrast with Manchester. In this case, there is plenty of money to spend on restoration and reconstruction, but the diocese of London wants the building down so it can get its hands on the "historic resources".

Although ancient, St Ethelburga's is suffering neither from old age nor from a weak constitution. Having survived both the Great Fire and the Blitz, this tiny medieval church was brutally assaulted by the IRA in April 1993. However, in response to a widespread feeling that terrorism must not be seen to triumph, proposals were immediately made for rebuilding. This will not put any demand upon the diocese: St Ethelburga's enjoys an income of £25,000 a year from a fund left to it in 1557 by Robert Kitchin, a saddler, while McAlpine's has offered to restore the church for £1.75 million.

But that is the last thing the diocese of London wants. Nor is it acceptable to the Careyites at St Helen's, Bishopsgate, who want to annex St Ethelburga's and use the money to wreck their own building (Eyes passim). So arguments have been trotted out that the bomb-damaged structure is beyond repair (and as access has been restricted people have been unable to see the damage for themselves); that to rebuild it is to create a "fake"; that to rebuild a church in the monstrously over-churched City of London (according to the Templeman report) is immoral and waste of money, etc. And then the archdeacon resorted to direct action, bringing a JCB over the Mayday weekend to clear away the rubble before it could be carefully sifted (Eye 846).

But I am now happy to report that the admirable Friends of St Ethelburga remain undaunted and have just issued an appeal leaflet. This reveals that much more survived the IRA bomb than the diocese claims: the south and east walls and part of the north wall survive, as do four bays of the arcade; the parclose screen is largely unharmed along with the wainscot panelling, while the embrasures and mullions of the east window are intact, along with about a quarter of the glass; most memorial tablets were largely undamaged, as was Hans Feibush's "controversial" mural, and most of Ninian Comper's chancel screen survives in pieces that can be reassembled. In other words, St Ethelburga's was much less damaged than City churches burned out in the Blitz which were subsequently rebuilt.

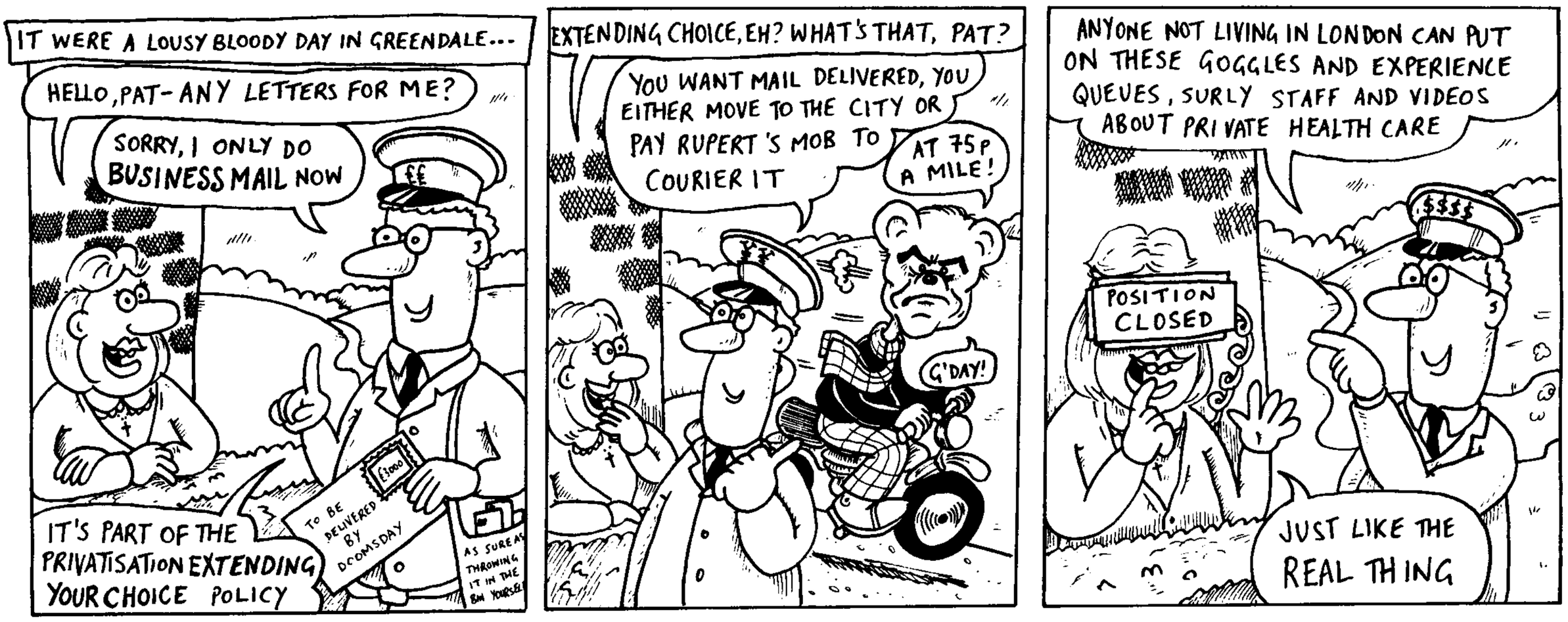
And I am glad to see that the campaign is supported by Andrew Anderson, a good restoration architect who looks after Norwich Cathedral and who writes: "St Ethelburga's largely survived the bomb blast and, where it did not, most of the fragments exist and only await patient reassembly with the funds that have been bequeathed for the church's upkeep. No one is proposing a fake." Quite.

If St Ethelburga's money were to be used to help other needy buildings, like poor old St Christopher's, Withington, one might have a little sympathy for the diocese of London. But as it will only go to the accountants and bureaucrats and Freemasons who are running the Church of England into oblivion, the Friends of St Ethelburga deserve support.

'Piloti'

VIRTUAL REALITY

BY CUTTER PERKINS & RGJ


IT WERE A LOUSY BLOODY DAY IN GREENDALE...
HELLO, PAT - ANY LETTERS FOR ME?
SORRY, I ONLY DO BUSINESS MAIL NOW
£
£1000
TO BE DELIVERED BY DOOMSDAY
AS SURE AS THROWING IT IN THE BIN YOURSELF
IT'S PART OF THE PRIVATISATION EXTENDING YOUR CHOICE POLICY
EXTENDING CHOICE, EH? WHAT'S THAT, PAT?
YOU WANT MAIL DELIVERED, YOU EITHER MOVE TO THE CITY OR PAY RUPERT'S MOB TO COURIER IT
AT 75P A MILE!
G'DAY!
ANYONE NOT LIVING IN LONDON CAN PUT ON THESE GOGGLES AND EXPERIENCE QUEUES, SURLY STAFF AND VIDEOS ABOUT PRIVATE HEALTH CARE
$$$$
POSITION CLOSED
JUST LIKE THE REAL THING

EYE TV

One Day Strike II (BBC1 & 2)
Moving Story (Carlton)

IT IS WELL known in the entertainment industry that sequels are generally less successful than the originals, and so it proved with last Friday's second of the 24-hour strikes called by the two main BBC unions.

The point made in Square Eyes' review of the first strike — about the benefits, at such times, of John Birt having filled the news departments with friends and right-wingers — was demonstrated again.

With Tory minister manqué Robin Oakley as political editor and social services supremo Polly Toynbee taking the opportunity of the industrial action to move to the political coverage she covets, it was always going to be hard to make the effects of a strike show on screen.

But, with the second of its strikes, the NUJ and BECTU made a terrible mistake. Attempting to black out the Eastleigh by-election coverage looked clever — hit at prestige projects — but was, in fact, doubly dumb.

First, the generally left-wing unions were for some reason seeking to ensure that a night of terrible humiliation for the Tories — as the by-elections promised to be, and proved — would be muffled in its impact on the public. (No other channel runs results programmes).

Secondly, the strike call showed a horrible misunderstanding of the nature of political journalists. Unlike hacks in most other fields, those covering politics regard themselves are part of the national fabric; even as part of the constitution. This is nonsense — for democracy long preceded broadcasting, and even countries that have written constitutions don't specify the need for elections to be on television — but that is what the Westminster media preeningly believe.

Hence, lefty presenters who had obeyed the first strike call — like Peter Snow and James Naughtie — crossed picked lines during the second believing that to block out the "And I think we may have a result in Newham..." all-nighters was an interference in the democratic process. Even Peter Kellner — Labour party member and editor of the *Collected Speeches of Neil Kinnock* — agreed to come in to work. It is true that the programmes they took part in were a little technically ragged, but viewers rarely notice such things. The NUJ and BECTU had made the worst union miscalculation since Arthur Scargill started a coal strike at the beginning of summer.

Back on the tragically non-strike-affected Carlton, the drama *Moving Story* continued. This is without doubt the best drama Carlton has produced, although this is a little like saying that the Tories didn't finish fourth in Eastleigh and Bradford.

However, the genesis of *Moving Story* is an intriguing parable about the state of television; and one worth rehearsing after the death of Dennis Potter. *Moving Story* was "created" by Jack Rosenthal.

He — like Potter — was one of the pioneers of the single television play: the only writer to win the Bafta award for best play three years running, with *Bar Mitzvah Boy*, *The Evacuees* and *Spend Spend Spend* between 1975 and 1977. His 1979 play *The Knowledge* was one of the last great single plays produced by ITV before it gave up on them. His *P'Tan Yang Kipperbang* was one of the first filmed plays shown on the new Channel 4 when it started.

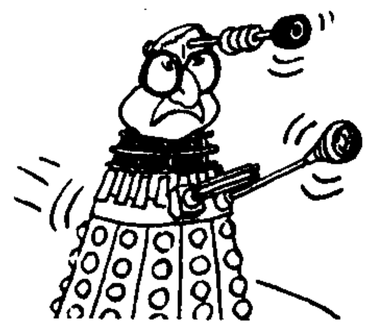
What has happened to Rosenthal since is a chilling illustration of the decline of the one-off play. His main television presence in the 1980s was with *London's Burning*, a breezy soap opera blown out and bloated from an original Rosenthal one-off for LWT. Although Rosenthal got a creator's credit, the scripts were hammered out by standard serial episode hacks.

The same happens with *Moving Story*, where Rosenthal admirers tuning in are likely to find that the episode has been written by someone else. Even more alarmingly, those switching on for the first part were rapidly aware that *Moving Story* is a blow-up and brush-up of Rosenthal's 1985 cinema film *The Chain*, so that Carlton's classiest drama idea so far turns out to have borrowed from someone else's. How long before *The Knowledge* — a nearly perfect one-off — is turned into a 13-part peak-time series about lovable London cabbies?

A list of Jack Rosenthal's projects since the early 70s would stand as a perfect graph of television's decline. Dennis Potter suffered a lot, but he never had to see *The Singing Detective* stretched and bowdlerised into an ITV comedy-drama about a Metropolitan police offer who collects old records.

'Square Eyes'

BIRT SPEAK



FROM a letter sent by John Birt to all members of BBC staff on 10 June:

"Dear colleague, The last year or so has been testing and trying for everyone working at the BBC. We have seen substantial staff and facility reductions, a major reorganisation and the introduction of internal trading under Producer Choice... In every part of the BBC we have, with great energy and vigour, been raising the creativity and quality of our programmes...

"We have been sensitive to staff concern about these changes. We recognise that we need to help our line managers to acquire the new skills needed to implement them. And that is why some of the changes are not to be implemented immediately, but over years.

"Though the principles underlying our proposals never were and never will be negotiable, we were ready — over many days of discussions — to refine the detail in the light of proper staff concern expressed through the unions. Those discussions were fruitful; they produced a final, rounded proposition; and they are at an end. No further negotiations will take place at corporate level...

"The BBC is now approaching a much brighter and more stable future. Please let us get on with the only thing that matters — making programmes. We have plenty of time to talk — and we will continue to listen — as we implement the BBC proposals. Yours faithfully, John Birt."

So there it is. Negotiations and discussions "are at an end"; and yet "we have plenty of time to talk". *Geddit*?

O·B·N·K

IT'S THE last day of the second series of *Good Morning* today — and it's pretty sad because we're losing a genius of an editor.

Yes, he's my husband — but he's also a brilliant team leader and an inspiration to those who work for him.

Now Mike's leaving the BBC after making *Good Morning* (which was all his idea) the best daytime programme on TV.

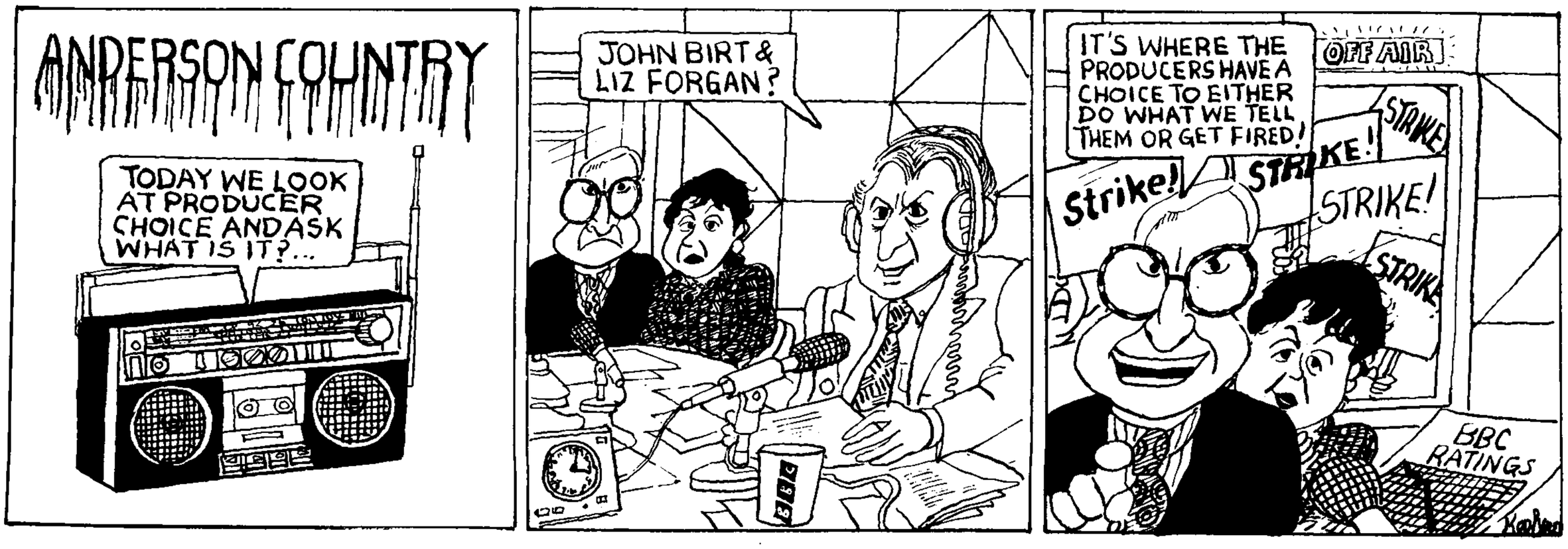
Mike, I know you'll read this today ('cos you always let me know what you think of my column), so let me put in print what all the fellas and girls in the team — even the ones you've shouted at — wanted me to tell you.

We'll miss you!

ANNE DIAMOND
The Sun

Submitted by Greg Petal.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.


ANDERSON COUNTRY
TODAY WE LOOK AT PRODUCER CHOICE AND ASK WHAT IS IT?...
JOHN BIRT & LIZ FORGAN?
IT'S WHERE THE PRODUCERS HAVE A CHOICE TO EITHER DO WHAT WE TELL THEM OR GET FIRED!
OFF AIR
Strike!
STRIKE!
BBC RATINGS

MEDIA NEWS

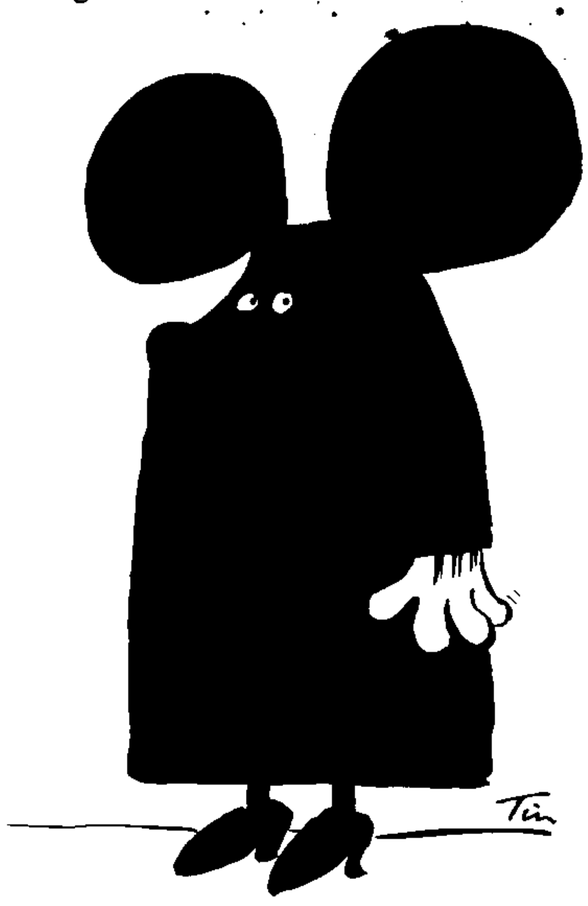
JOHN BIRT's attempts to suck up to the government with his exciting policy of "Producer Choice" backfired during John Major's appearance on *Breakfast with Frost* two weeks ago, when the PM saw at first hand how the BBC's "internal market" works.

Sir David Frost was to interview Major in the Admiral's office at the Portsmouth naval base. But the room's decor needed to be transformed from the rather bland and boring MoD orange into something more appropriate for a head of government. So a BBC designer was engaged to build a set — only to be ordered to stop work three days before transmission to save the programme budget.

On the day before the broadcast, when the set was put into the Admiral's office for the first time, it became clear that some adjustments were necessary: to make the PM look reasonable on screen, it would have to be raised by six inches.

Without the designer on site to perform the task professionally, the programme's editor, Barney Jones, set about propping up the whole caboodle on a couple of bits of wood borrowed from one of Her Majesty's ships. These proved inadequate. And so the inventive Jones, in a cost-saving measure of which Birt would have been proud, removed a few books from the *Breakfast With Frost* shelves and stuck them under the platform on which Major and Frostie were to sit.

The whole interview was thus conducted with the PM and his distinguished interviewer being supported by a pile of books. The makeshift structure would have come crashing down if the PM had become at all animated. Fortunately, there was no danger of that.



Minnie Mouse regrets the Saudi takeover of EuroDisney

WHILE all eyes have been on Carlton and GMTV after the Independent Television Commission's damning report, the experience at Yorkshire-Tyne Tees Television only reinforces the view that the whole franchise business was a monumental cock-up.

At the end of May YTTV announced a pre-tax loss for the half year of £4.6 million, hardly surprising when the company has to pay the treasury £60 million a year just for its franchise. It's now so strapped for cash it is relying on Proctor and Gamble putting up the dosh for a major drama series aimed at the same European markets the soap giant is also interested in.

YTTV is also suffering the after-effects of the excess discounting of its adverts, which cost the company £12 million. Its advertising is now in the hands of Laser, the advertising arm of London Weekend Television. YTTV's main advertising pitch is that it has a market share lead over Granada. It will be interesting to see how long this line continues now that Granada has bought LWT and is therefore the owner of Laser.

If, as expected, heritage secretary Peter Brooke relaxes the rules on cross-media ownership later this year, the picture will undoubtedly get even more fuzzy. Do not adjust your set.

BREAKFAST station GMTV has clearly taken to heart the Independent Television Commission's savaging of its witless, bland programming.

On the day the ITC delivered its drubbing, GMTV's programme editor Liam Hamilton sent an urgent message to the company's personnel department, asking it to dig out all the 1,000 applications for a recent vacancy as a researcher. Each applicant had been asked to submit several "ideas" for the breakfast show. These were duly photocopied and despatched to Hamilton, who presumably hoped they could be pillaged in the coming months.

Alas, most of the "ideas" turned out to be depressingly familiar: "What do celebrities keep on their fridges?"; "What do celebrities eat for breakfast"; etc — precisely the kind of drivel the ITC has criticised the station for running.

YOU don't read the restaurant reviews, you haven't seen the films and now, thanks to Britain's censor, you don't have to watch the video of Michael Winner's latest dog's dinner, *Dirty Weekend*, either.

James Ferman, of the British Board of Film Classification, has refused 18 certificates to a clutch of videos pending clarification of the government's post-Bulger legislation.

Winner sees this a big blow to his wallet (*Shurely "to his artistic sensibilities as an auteur"? Ed*) as does Vadim Jean, director of another tedious British film, *Beyond Bedlam*.

While it is true that the film industry depends on video earnings, Quentin Tarantino's controversial *Reservoir Dogs*, whose video was also blocked in the UK, is still packing 'em in at cinemas despite having been released long before *Dirty Weekend* or *Beyond Bedlam*, which did no business worth mentioning at the cinema.

However stupid some of Ferman's decisions (for Ferman read home secretary Michael Howard), neither can be held responsible for British audiences preferring proper films.

LUVVIES

"When you're acting," she says, "you've got a very precious, delicate potential. It gives you the opportunity to change people's lives by expressing something they always knew but didn't know they knew. You can't just thump in and do something any old how. It doesn't matter what funny things you do to prepare for it. The important thing is not to cheat. You've got to keep it mystical. You might — you just might — move people. And any risk is worth that."

IMOGEN STUBBS
Sunday Times

Submitted by Mrs A. Dorrington.

An occasional column devoted to gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries printed.

AFTER the takeover by Reuters of London News Radio (LNR), which had already taken over LBC after snatching away its franchise, two people in particular must feel a little uncomfortable.

They are Peter Thornton, the former LBC boss who as chief executive of LNR won back the franchise with the words "I've got my ball back now"; and programme controller Robin Malcolm.

Fifteen years they sacked one David Kogan, who had just embarked on his career in radio as a humble phone operator at LBC. Kogan is now director of media services at Reuters.

IT IS exactly a year since Mark Woods, ginger-haired editor-in-chief of Reuters, found himself too busy to bother to attend the funerals of three Reuters journalists who were murdered in Somalia while helping to maximise Reuters' profits and Woods's £250,000 salary.

The intervening 12 months have not altered his feelings of loyalty to his staff. He was recently asked if he would like to say a few words at the leaving party for Rob Celliers, a Reuter Television cameraman who was seriously injured in Sarajevo by flying shrapnel.

"If he wants to leave Reuters," the ever-compassionate Woods replied, "he can go fuck himself."

MUSIC NEWS

PRIVATE remarks by Arts Council chairman Lord Gowrie suggest the taxpayers' public servants are still hell-bent on funding only two London orchestras: the LPO and the LSO, resident at the South Bank and Barbican respectively.

This looks ominous for the Philharmonia Orchestra which, though homeless, gives most of its concerts at the Royal Festival Hall and received top marks from Sir Leonard Hoffman and the Arts Council's own music advisory panel.

Nothing has changed since Hoffman: funding will not be awarded on artistic quality or business success but on strategic expediency — and on who owes whom a favour.

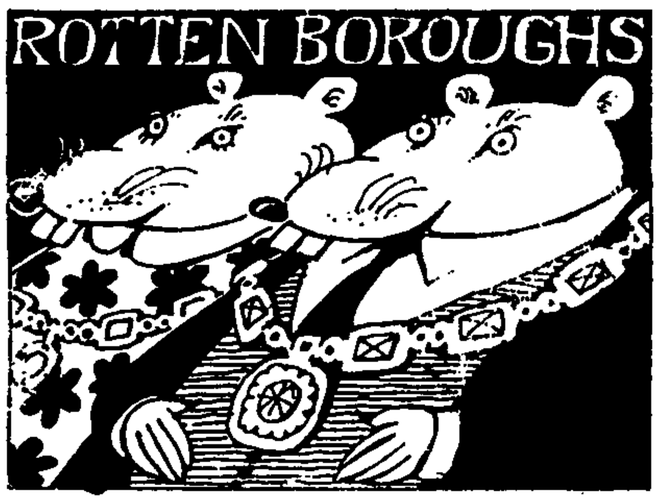
Perhaps that explains the sums that continue to be spent on supporting Clive "Lovejoy" Gillinson's LSO at the Barbican. Readers will recall that while the South Bank Centre receives £14 million a year from the Arts Council (for goodness knows what), the Barbican receives nothing. The claim is that the Barbican can manage with its funding from the City of London.

But why does the council hand out money to the LSO at all, let alone the most generous funding in the capital? For while the two orchestras at the RFH receive a mere £0.7m each, the LSO's grant from the council is a relatively princely £1.125 million — but this is matched by the same grant from the City, thus giving the orchestra £2.25 million from the public purse this year (boosted, incidentally, by £11,000 poached from the Philharmonia by "Lovejoy's" chum at the Arts Council, former music director Ken Baird).

Readers will draw their own conclusions over which offers the best value for money. But perhaps the greatest irony is that the deal giving the LSO this "double funding" was thrashed out some years ago by a music officer at the Arts Council. His name was David Whelton. The boss of the Philharmonia is also called David Whelton. Could they by any chance be related?

'Lunchtime O'Boulez'

WATCHDOG
NO DOCUMENTARIES?
CARLTON
RIGHT! WE'LL MAKE AN IN DEPTH DOCUMENTARY ON HOW WE FAILED TO LIVE UP TO ITC'S EXPECTATIONS!
CARLTON



MURKEYSIDE

WHEN THE Commons public accounts committee (PAC) meets this month MPs will at last be able to ask pertinent questions about the Tall Ships musical extravaganza-cum-flop which left Merseyside taxpayers picking up a £600,000 bill.

The financial fiasco, highlighted here more than a year ago (*Eye* 820), was chiefly caused by the Merseyside development corporation (MDC) allowing the event to be run by Caroll Promotions Ltd — a company with only £2 in assets and no experience of running disasters on such a grand scale.

Attention will focus on the payment of £269,000 in publicity and "hospitality", most of which was underwritten by the MDC. It will be interesting to see whether or not the MDC's chairman, Sir Desmond Pitcher, will grace the Commons with his presence to give evidence.

Sir Des is a very busy man. His main job is chairing the North West Water Authority, which nets him more than £200,000 in remuneration. A former chief executive of Littlewoods, Pitcher currently chairs the Mersey Barrage Co, is a fellow of John Moores (ie Littlewoods) University, chair of the Royal Philharmonic Development Fund, a director of National Westminster Bank and a deputy lieutenant to boot!

Also called to give evidence will be no less a person than Harry Rimmer, leader of Liverpool city council. As a board member of the MDC Rimmer gets £5,000 a year for attending its monthly meetings. Labour MPs who've called for Pitcher's sacking have been taken aback by Rimmer's public defence of Sir Des, and were at a loss for words when Rimmer described the huge losses of the regatta concert as "marvellous value for Merseyside".

Stories have since emerged of lavish MDC hospitality at the Grand National, with water-supremo Sir Des plying his guests with wine — in this case champagne — under his MDC hat. Thank God the race wasn't organised by Brendan Carroll or Murkeyside would have yet another costly debacle on its hands.

SOUTHWARK

WHAT WAS the first thing Southwark's Labour leaders did after securing another four years in office following May's elections? They upped their attendance allowances by 25 per cent, 10 times the rate of inflation.

The biggest bonanza went to council leader Jeremy Fraser, who held the casting vote on the size of his allowance and ended up netting an increase of more than 300 per cent.

Fraser will now get £8,000 a year instead of the previous paltry £2,200 for "special responsibilities"; deputy mayor Aubyn Graham plus Labour's two deputy whips will also get £1,000 in "special responsibility" allowances; and in all Southwark councillors will receive £156,000, despite agreeing a total of £127,000 in the previous council budget.

The council recently revealed plans to axe 15 key posts to save money it said was lost at the hands of the wicked Tory government.

LAMBETH

THE squabble over who will rule Lambeth, London's looniest council, continues.

The elections put both the Liberal Democrats and ruling Labour group on 24 seats, with the Tories on 16. The battle for supremacy lasted 17 hours, after which no one could agree on a leader.

Mind you, with no one in charge Lambeth might do better than it did under the previous Labour regime which ran up £200 million of debt and "lost" £20 million from council coffers.

Labour has now come up with a remarkable proposal to continue the chaos: why not have three council leaders, one from each of the major parties, to jobshare! This is the bizarre idea of Labour's new leader, the Deirdre Spart-ish Anne Tapsell, formerly head of the council's notorious and now defunct Nalgo union branch. Tapsell has taken charge because recent incumbent Steve Whaley was beaten at the polls.

While the parties dither the borough is in danger of losing most of the £187 million Brixton City Challenge Project, sorely needed in this impoverished part of London. The government threatened to pull the plug last March in despair at Lambeth's inability to make decisions, for despite incessantly whinging about lack of funds only £6.5 million out of £7.5 million allocated for the first year had been spent.

Inner-cities minister Sir George Young has given Lambeth until the end of this month to decide which of the three leaders he should deal with when he makes up his mind over the future of the multi-million pound scheme.

"Well, leave then, I don't care, because according to this letter from Reader's Digest I might already have won £250,000"

Down On The Farm

ALTHOUGH the absurd EC "set-aside" policy pays farmers £311 a hectare for leaving their fields covered in weeds, canny barley barons have found that they can grow that hideous chrome-yellow blight, oil seed rape, and still claim the payments. All they have to do is promise not to use this "industrial" crop for food production.

Instead they are turning to the latest "green" fad, biodiesel, encouraged by the agribiz giant Cargill, which is planning to build a new plant in the UK to make the stuff as a replacement for fossil fuels. Initially 100,000 tonnes a year of this yellow blight will be processed, putting an extra £360 in farmers' pockets for every hectare grown.

Enthusiasts for this new way of spending taxpayers' money — not least Cargill's Anne Gutteridge — claim biodiesel will reduce acid rain and sulphur emissions. Interestingly no claims are made for reducing the build-up of greenhouse gases and carbon dioxide. This may be because biodiesel takes almost as much energy to make as it provides.

While farmers will take home enough money to make their efforts worthwhile, much of the ill-gotten gains will be absorbed by spending on seed, fertilizers and pesticides. This explains why much of the initial enthusiasm for biodiesel came not from the "green" lobby but from the Italian agro-chemical group Ferruzzi.

Not for the first time, it seems, "green" issues have been hijacked by vested interests. But this time the price will be a countryside turned into a barren, yellow-tinted wasteland poisoned by toxic chemicals.

To cap it all, even after the handsome EC subsidy biodiesel will not be competitive. Undeterred, Cargill is slamming the British government for "failing" to give the loathsome product a 20p/litre "tax advantage", just because other EC countries have been foolish enough to fall for the scam.

IT APPEARS that an early casualty of the insane set-aside rules will be that delightful bird, the corn bunting.

It has already lost 75 percent of its population through the intensive use of pesticides and herbicides. These have deprived the birds of food, while the increase of winter-sown cereal has meant the early removal of stubble which provided their winter habitat.

There had been some hopes of a recovery. Rotational set-aside, allowing different patches of ground to be left uncultivated each year, had given some relief to this threatened species. But the rush is now on to cover 330,000 hectares with oil seed rape, amounting to 20 percent of set-aside land covered, and the recovery — fragile at best — is now threatened.

After 250,000 skylarks were slaughtered last year by compulsory mowing of set aside — to keep down the weeds — it seems the greatest threat to UK wildlife has become the EC. Newly elected MEPs should be especially concerned at the loss of the "green" credentials of the organisation they will be paid so handsomely to represent. But when they start lobbying for biodiesel busses to ply the streets, in order to restore their credibility, we will know for certain that the whole EC has gone barking mad — if we didn't already.

OXFORDSHIRE residents concerned at the release of a genetically engineered virus into a field in their locality are being given no opportunity to avoid the treated area. The department of the environment, which authorised the release, has specifically required that a noticeboard stating that the field was part of the research trials should be taken down "to reduce the risk of vandalism".

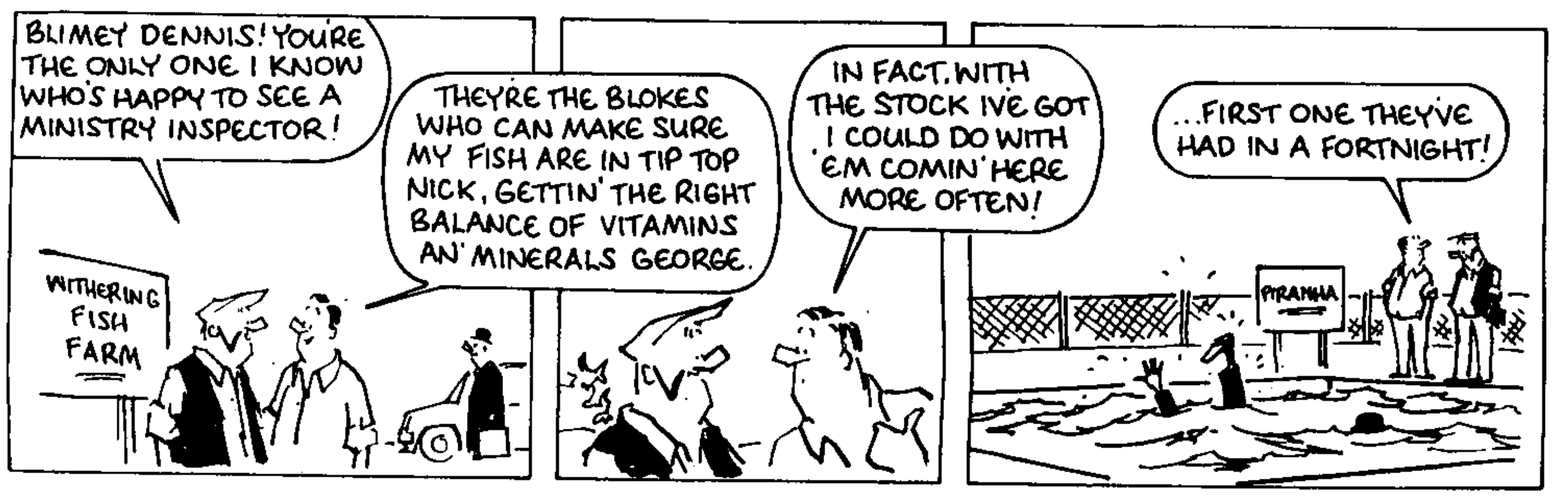
As to possible risks, it is an unforgivable arrogance to claim the release is safe. Not even the most confident medical specialist really knows what happens to these viruses when they are let loose. Some predict the new holocaust will come from the mutations of viruses let loose on the world by over-eager scientists.

Under the circumstances, the biggest act of vandalism has been to release the new virus. It follows that the DoE should not be too concerned about the noticeboard because the vandals have been and gone.

'New Muckspreader'

Old Macdonald

ALBERT


BLIMEY DENNIS! YOURE THE ONLY ONE I KNOW WHO'S HAPPY TO SEE A MINISTRY INSPECTOR!
WITHERING FISH FARM
THEYRE THE BLOKES WHO CAN MAKE SURE MY FISH ARE IN TIP TOP NICK, GETTIN' THE RIGHT BALANCE OF VITAMINS AN' MINERALS GEORGE.
IN FACT, WITH THE STOCK IVE GOT I COULD DO WITH 'EM COMIN' HERE MORE OFTEN!
...FIRST ONE THEYVE HAD IN A FORTNIGHT!
PIRANHA

SALLY DEEDES

READER George Hubbard was an agent for the Sun Alliance insurance company from 1958 until 1987. Out of loyalty he insured his home and contents through the company.

In 1987 he bought and moved into his present property in Peacehaven, East Sussex, which for personal reasons he put in the name of his sister. She, a Mrs Hampton, signed the insurance forms and told Sun Alliance she would not be living in the house but that it would be tenanted. The proposal was accepted, the premiums paid and the policy issued.

Then came the storms of October 1987. The house was badly damaged and needed repairs of £48,458. Sun Alliance agreed to pay but loaded the total excess on the policy from £100 to £2,000.

Three years later, in 1990, further damage occurred needing repairs worth £12,000. The claim was submitted to Sun Alliance, whose first action was to decline renewal of the insurance policy after the end of the year. But insurance assessors visited the house and agreed to the work going ahead. Builders completed the repairs two months later.

Some weeks after this Sun Alliance had still not made even an interim payment to the builders, and Mrs Hampton was worried. After several phone calls and letters, Sun Alliance finally told Mrs Hampton it would *not* pay the bill since she was not occupying the premises at the time of the damage. Mrs Hampton had never told the company that she would be occupying the property.

Mrs Hampton then instructed her solicitor to say that unless payment was made a writ would be issued. The builders, meanwhile, issued their own writ. Mrs Hampton obtained legal aid, but died unexpectedly in January 1991. The only people who could continue the fight were Mrs Hampton's executors, her son and daughter, but they were not prepared to do so.

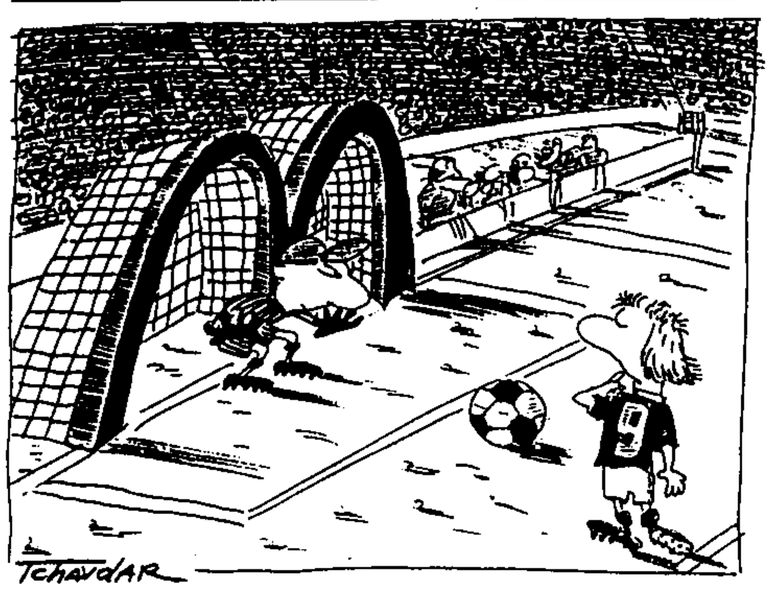
Two years of silence followed, during which Mr Hubbard reached an agreement with the builders. Then out of the blue the Sun Alliance zapped him with a writ asking for repayment of the £48,458 paid to his sister in 1987!

The writ claims that "the insured [Mrs Hampton] and Mr Hubbard cooperated to make false and misleading statements": namely that the documents made it appear that the insured was living at the property and that the contents belonged to her. A copy of the policy, however, shows that to the question "Are you living in the property?" Mrs Hampton had replied "No", stating that the house would be tenanted.

The company therefore had full knowledge of the situation in 1987 and had accepted the premiums since that day.

Last year Mr Hubbard received a high court injunction restraining him from disposing of any assets or mortgaging his property to fight his case. Mr Hubbard is now unemployed and living off income support of £63.95 a week. He is precluded, through poverty, from defending himself.

The Sun Alliance has repaid Mr Hubbard's 22 years of allegiance in selling their policies by bringing an action which, should it win, will bankrupt him.



JUST FANCY THAT!

From the *Independent* business section, page 14, 28 May: "Sell in May and go away has once again been proven sound advice."

From the *Independent* business section, page 17, 28 May: "Selling shares in May isn't always the way."

HUSBAND
Poor old Phil, I cant believe it. We'd best go tell his mum.
HOSPITAL
Best if I tell her.
Sure
Hi, Mrs Johnson. Eh, guess whose dead?

WORLD OF SPIES

WILL the new openness of Stella Rimington, head of MI5, extend to the Chinook helicopter disaster which killed off the top brass of British government and army intelligence in Northern Ireland?

One of the biggest government information blackouts ever has been imposed following the crash on the Isle of Mull. The original story — that the party was on its way to a conference in Inverness — did not last long.

The island was off the usual route to Inverness, and the story did not begin to explain the real mystery in the story: why so many very top people were packed into one helicopter. It is, for instance, an iron rule in all intelligence services that if the commanding officer is off duty, his deputy is on. Yet the top man of British army intelligence died in the crash and so did his deputy..

In spite of — or should that be "because of"? — a firm denial from the *Sunday Times* "spook" correspondent James Adams, it seems the party was on its way to the top secret US base at Machrihanish on Mull. The conference which was to have taken place there was one of the most high-powered in the history of Northern Ireland. Top brass from the American CIA and the security services on the British mainland were to take part. One report suggests Mrs Rimington herself was about to leave for Mull when she heard of the disaster.

The secrecy surrounding the meeting was extraordinary even for such top people. This could help explain another astonishing mystery: why did the Chinook, in thick fog, fly so low? The Chinook can climb quite easily to 10,000 feet. There is no geographical, meteorological or navigational reason why it should have been flying so low in what is known to be dangerous area for low-flyers.

The various explanations offered by the press — "a computer error"; an attempt to let the officers have a close look at the scenery etc, etc — are all quite incredible (and totally contradictory of the official story that the helicopter's destination was Inverness). One more credible reason for flying low was to avoid civilian radar by "flying under" it, and thus ensuring the flight path of the Chinook avoided every possible detection.

But what issue would bring together so many very senior officers in such secrecy? The answer must be the political situation in Ireland following the Major-Reynolds "declaration" and the offer of peace talks to the IRA. Both prime ministers are desperate for their plan to succeed and have insisted on the maximum pressure by intelligence forces and everyone else on Sinn Fein and the IRA to order a ceasefire and to start talking.

The politicians are optimistic that a majority in Sinn Fein favour a ceasefire, but the military are worried about a breakaway by a militant IRA minority and an outbreak of frenetic violence. The ostensible reason for the conference, therefore, was to plan for a possible announcement of a ceasefire and a containment of the militant IRA rump.

So did the desire for such secrecy lead to such a spectacular disaster? Only Stella Rimington can say.

● SHE HAS of course been loquacious elsewhere — in her stirring Dimbleby lecture, for example — ridiculing suggestions that there had been an MI5 plot to undermine Labour ministers during the 1970s.

This will come as a surprise to Merlyn Rees, the secretary of state for Northern Ireland from 1974 to 1976, who has complained that he was the victim of a dirty tricks campaign masterminded by MI5, whose eminence grise at the time was Dennis Payne (now retired).

One of MI5's masterpieces then was a letter to Rees from the "American Congress for Irish Freedom" thanking him for a donation for "relief in the occupied six counties of Ireland". The letter was widely leaked to the press, even though Rees had made no such donation. It was a forgery of which the MI5 forgery specialists of the time were specially proud.

Mrs Rimington also insisted that MI5 officers should always "operate within a clear framework of law". This will come as a relief to the former chief constable of Sussex, Sir George Terry, who presided over a government inquiry in 1981 into the Kincora boys' home sex scandal. Sir George's officers asked to interview Ian Cameron, a senior MI5 officer, about the file he'd received about Kincora from army intelligence, and the allegation that he had been told by an army intelligence officer to leave Kincora alone. Acting within a clear framework of law, MI5 refused permission.

However, less relieved will be the two MI5 officers who nobbled the civil service appeal tribunal over the case of Colin Wallace, wrongly sacked from the army in 1975. The MI5 officers told the tribunal chairman a tissue of lies about Wallace's alleged connections with Protestant extremists.

The nobbling was exposed in the Calcutt report in 1991. When the report was referred to the police, the crown prosecution service (CPS) declared it was not in the public interest to take the matter any further. Perhaps the new Rimington broom will sweep the nobblers out into the "clear framework of the law" where they can be named and disciplined.

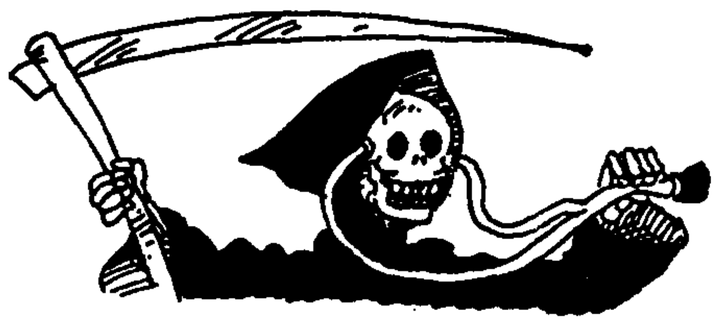
UNCIVIL LIBERTIES

AFTER the award of £24,500 damages to a man who was falsely imprisoned, maliciously prosecuted and assaulted by Stoke Newington police in 1988, fingers are not only being pointed at Hackney's community Knackers.

Peter Stephenson was arrested and assaulted by PC Richard Tully during a raid on squatters on the Stamford Hill Estate. Trying to move the belongings of a friend who was being evicted, Mr Stephenson sustained bruising to his face, rib cage and wrists after his meeting with the PC.

But who was the then leader of Hackney council who ordered this over-the-top raid which led to so many violations of personal liberty? Step forward Andrew Puddephatt, general secretary of the National Council for Civil Liberties.

Interestingly, under "Fattypud's" expert leadership, the NCCL — renamed Liberty — has recently launched a major campaign against the government's, er, criminalisation of squatters.



DOING THE ROUNDS

JUNIOR doctor Alan Massie died in January after working a continuous 86-hour shift in obstetrics and gynaecology at Warrington district general hospital.

This was just three years after the British Medical Association (BMA) and Mrs Bottomley decided that such stressful, unrelenting jobs should convert to a full shift system, with no doctor working a longer stint than eight hours.

The tribute to Dr Massie from the nursing staff at his funeral read: "Always smiling, always tired, always hungry."

● "GOOD practices aren't having trouble recruiting new partners," said health minister Brian Mawhinney (*Yam Brain When In*, if you are interested).

In fact, a survey of GP trainees found that only 8.6 percent had any interest in working in the inner city where the stress of looking after Britain's increasingly deprived urban population with inadequate resources has not been helped by the closure of many hospitals.

Now, even traditionally popular rural areas are feeling the pinch. Six years ago there were 160 applicants for the six places on the Cornwall GP training scheme. This year, the applications dipped slightly... to two. And in Eastbourne, half the GP trainee vacancies remain unfilled. No doubt Yam Brain will put it down to a seasonal variation.

● **WARRINGTON district hospital** parted company with general manager Mike Shannon in 1993 after he presided over heavy losses. The hospital also parted company with a £70,000 pay-off on condition that Shannon signed a confidentiality clause preventing him from saying anything to the press that might be in the public interest. It then covered up the payment. Curiously all the members of the health authority involved in the scam have left, and no one is prepared to accept responsibility.

● EARLIER this year **Southampton University hospitals trust** unilaterally decided to withdraw two bank holidays that NHS staff are entitled to under their nationally agreed terms and conditions. Twenty one staff took the trust to an industrial tribunal which ruled that this was unlawful and ordered the days to be reinstated. Dennis Gibson, the trust's personnel director, has agreed to this demand but only for the 21 individuals involved in the test case. This ludicrous decision is likely to cost the NHS hundred of thousands of pounds as the trade union UNISON pursues the case again through the courts.

● IN LONDON, a 44-year-old father of two died from asthma after waiting 40 minutes for an ambulance to arrive at his Kentish Town home. When his wife asked the London ambulance service "Where are you? My husband is dying" she was told: "Don't panic."

The patient's charter target for the arrival of an emergency ambulance is 14 minutes, which only 65 percent manage. An LAS worker blamed low staff levels caused by the scrapping of enhanced overtime rates four years ago. "This happened on a Friday night, which is an unsociable time to work but the busiest time for the service. With no incentives left, many staff take the shift off."

● **BRADFORD NHS trust** has been running a quick access fortnightly ophthalmology clinic "exclusively for GP fundholding practices". This has not amused Walter Bennet, an 80-year-old cataract sufferer of a non-fundholding GP who is having to wait 11 months for the privilege. Sue James, the trust's indispensable director of business development, was quick to justify her position. "This faster service will take pressure off other clinics, with knock on benefits for non-fundholders' patients". Oh really.

● DAVID HINCHCLIFFE, Labour's community care spokesman, has been complaining about the lack of qualified nurses and standard of care in residential homes in his Wakefield constituency. In one, an elderly woman choked to death on a cheese sandwich while care assistants looked on, believing her to be asleep. In another, a patient fell out of bed and broke her leg. She was put back into bed and died a few hours later.

● **ST JAMES'S Hospital** in **Leeds**, home of the real-life TV soap "Jimmy's", now has another claim to fame. It has topped the league table for inpatients and day cases waiting more than 12 months for admission. There were 1,302 such patients waiting more than a year by March, the highest in Yorkshire. In the region as a whole the number rose from 4,316 last year to 7,986 in 1994.

EMBARRASSING FACTS

● In 1992-3, 72 out of the 156 NHS trusts missed at least one in three of the financial targets they are obliged to meet, with 22 clocking up debts totalling over £17 million.

● **NEWPORT'S St Woolos' hospital** boasts a brand new £50,000 densitometer, largely paid for out of charitable donation, for the diagnosis of osteoporosis. Unfortunately it doesn't have any money to fund the thing, leaving more than 200 high risk patients anxiously waiting for screening.

● **SALFORD community health care trust** is to abolish its night district service, and the nine nurses that go with it, in a bid to save £60,000.

● **READING'S Royal Berkshire and Battle hospitals** have appointed risk officers to assess the threat and effect of accidents on the wards. The officers have their very own risk sheets to score mishaps from 0.1 (a bruise) to 15 (death).

M.D.

QUANGO CORNER

THE amazing enterprise of enterprise boards in handing out public funds to their own executives' companies continues unabated.

Caithness and Sutherland enterprise board (CASE), in the furthest reaches of the Scottish Highlands, handed out more than £1 million from a £7 million budget to companies in which its directors were involved over the last financial year.

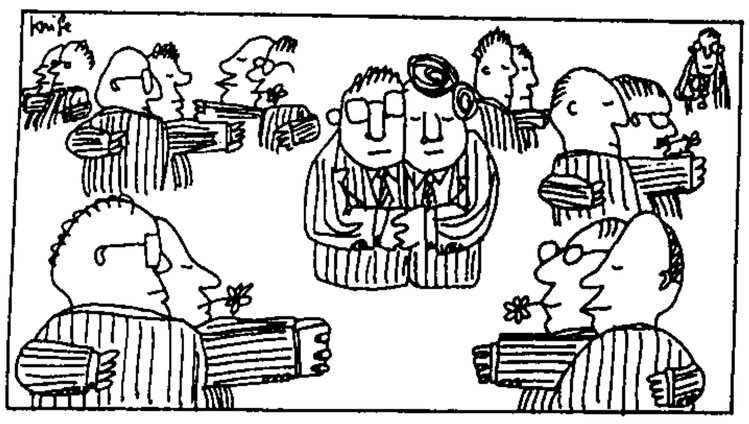
So much for the Scottish office's claim that "rigorous and effective action to avoid conflict of interest situations will be essential if the local enterprise company is to win and keep the confidence of the local business community."

Of course all the grants were above board; the relevant director being sent out of the room — "an open and public report is made of all transactions" according to CASE executives — and only a cynic would suggest that colleagues were keen to hand over public funds knowing that when their turn came their applications would be treated kindly.

The biggest "in-house" transaction totalled more than £440,000, which was handed to Castletown-based freezer firm Norfrost Ltd, one of whose directors, Ian Cassidy, is also a director of CASE. A similar sum was awarded to the Scrabster Harbour Trust, whose former chairman John Henderson (now a consultant to the trust) is an area vice-chairman of the, er, enterprise board.

Then there's John Henderson's wife, Jill, who does consultancy work for CASE. She was originally hired only a few months after her computer company, Webber Henderson, went bust losing £10,000 of public funds supplied by a now-defunct local quango, the Highlands and Islands Development Board. Mrs Henderson's work does not feature in the company's public records, as chief executive Andrew Thin explains: "We do not record all transactions with relatives. The question would be where you stopped."

INTERESTING how public money moves around in the wacky world of Welsh quangos. Take the Brecon Beacons National Park board,



IT TAKES 17 TO QUANGO

for instance, which is paying a local company, National Parks Development Ltd (NPDL), £18,000 to clear and landscape a park site blighted by an old garage and scrapyard.

NPDL is run by local businessman Kevin Thomas and his father John Thomas (*sic*). Coincidentally the decrepit site belongs to Kevin Thomas's father-in-law, Des James, and Des's wife Dorothy is chairman of Powys county council, which is a major political influence on the Brecon Beacons quango.

Strange, too, that a new company such as National Parks Developments Ltd happens to be on Brecon Beacons' approved contractor list, despite having no equipment and no full-time staff. Even stranger that no other local firm was invited to tender for the job.

Meanwhile the Thomases' attempt to "develop" another Brecon Beacons' site, at Llangorse Lake, has run in trouble. The two Thomases, together with businessman Ray Davies, expected to receive a £90,000 EC grant to landscape Llangorse common. A small trekking firm was to be moved out and would lose all its stock. Planning permission would then be sought for building chalets and to make land available for 100 caravans, a move supported by Dorothy James.

Sadly Welsh secretary John Redwood has called a halt to the team's empire-building plans while he decides whether to hold a public inquiry and the auditors examine the books at the park's Brecon HQ.

THE Black Country development corporation (BCDC) loves to use its sweeping powers to force hideous developments on its residents, but its latest scheme takes the breath away — literally.

Residents fought for two years when the BCDC decided to build a toxic waste dump in Wednesfield, on Bowman's Harbour, a site surrounded by housing and close to New Cross hospital. They failed — and the BCDC has turned 19 acres into a repository for some of Britain's most toxic chemicals.

The air around the site is now so laden with toxic dust residents use breathing masks and dare not put their washing out to dry. But the BCDC isn't worried about compensation claims — it's being wound up in a couple of years, leaving all such problems to the local authorities.

ENERGY NEWS

COMPANIES wanting to do well out of energy will be all ears at a conference called "Maximising Profitability in the Energy Sector" at the Kensington Hilton next month.

Run by the Institute for International Research and sponsored by KPMG Peat Marwick, the accountants, the fee is a modest £938.83 per delegate. In return there are speeches, documentation and two lunches (overnight hotel rooms extra), all of which should help the institute maximise its own profitability.

The institute carried out detailed research into what the energy companies think are important topics, and most questions it put got a 100 per cent "yes" answer. Only question that didn't was "Optimising the cost-effective quality of your customer service?"

Plainly there isn't much money in helping your customers. The two sessions dealing with this come immediately after lunch when delegates may conserve their own energy by propping up the bar.

Letters

Death duty

Sir,

*If your correspondent Stephen Tall (*EYE *847) prefers "respectful hypocrisy" (where's the respect in that?) to satire, why is he reading the* EYE*? As politicians go (which is not very far) John Smith was probably one of the more decent members of the species, but I have been reading your organ since 1967, and so far as I can remember it has never shown any respect for politicians in that time, alive or dead — why spoil a fine record now? Your brilliant cover on his death was tribute enough — one of your best for a long time.*

Yours faithfully,
ROD PARKES,

Hong Kong.

Relative valued

Sir,

As a relation of the late John Smith,I would like to thank James Morrison for his observations in his letter in EYE *847. The cartoon of John in heaven in* EYE *846 was a good tribute to him and I would like to thank the* PRIVATE EYE *team for publishing it.*

Yours faithfully,
GERALD HEARNS,

Irvine, Ayrshire.

Canker

Sir,

*My enthusiasm for BA may be "legendary" (*EYE *847) but I suspect the word is "mythical". At least I have never been subsidised by the airline. Martyn Gregory, by contrast, took some £50,000 from BA in libel settlement, before hiring a house in France to write an entirely objective clippings job about BA's dirty tricks with Virgin, relying on the unquestionably independent research of Richard Branson and the selective works of other journalists whom he then rubbished.*

It was this, rather than any loyalty to BA, that has led some of us to fear that Martyn has strained his wrist for reasons other than writing too much.

Faithfully,
GEORGE PITCHER,

Luther Pendragon, London EC4.

PS: Headline this letter "Wanker" and I sue.

Pre-School Nursery Facility

Rhymes

Jack Sprat would eat no fat,
His wife would eat no lean.
She took holy orders,
And he joined the ***mujahideen.***

Trust worthy

Sir,

Dr Ranji Pandita-Gunawardena

The item entitled "Consultancy" that appeared in a recent edition of PRIVATE EYE *concerning the appointment of Dr Pandita as medical director of the trust is a gross distortion of the facts and paints a picture that could not be further from the truth.*

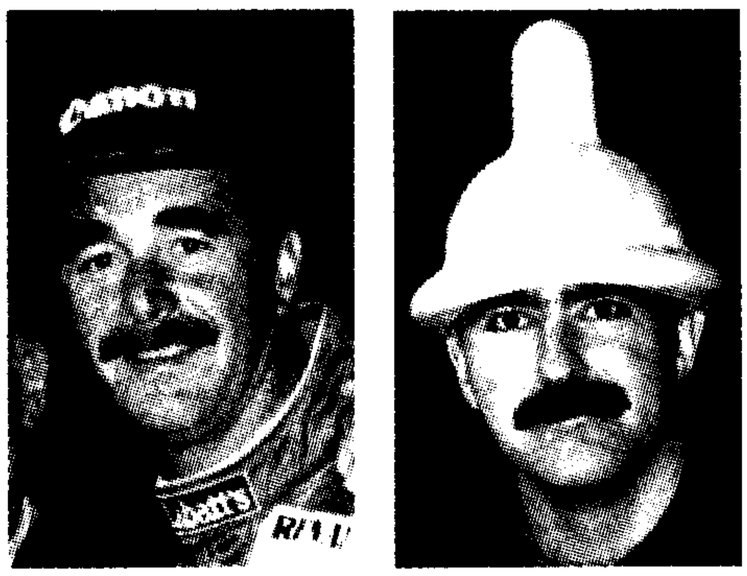
Firstly, Dr Pandita was appointed with the complete and unanimous support of not only her colleagues but also the chairman, chief executive and other members of the board of the trust. She is not only a very talented doctor in her own right but also someone of great integrity, commitment and professionalism in all aspects of her work. These qualities made her an ideal medical director, hence no hesitation in her appointment.

Secondly, the article tends to imply that the Trust is both racist and sexist. Again, this is completely untrue. For example, six out of the eleven consultant psychiatrists working in the mental health service are women. Five out of eleven consultant psychiatrists originate from overseas; four out of five of the executive directors of the trust are women. There are very few organisations either within the public sector or private sector that can rival our achievement in this field.

Yours faithfully,
M.J.BARKLEY,

Chief executive, East Surrey Learning Disability and Mental Health Services NHS Trust.

Lookalike



Dickhead **Mansell**

Sir,

I wonder if any of your readers have noticed the uncanny resemblance between racing driver Nigel Mansell and this dickhead in an advert for a "Condom Hat". Could they by chance be related?

Yours faithfully,
L. CLARK,

Telford.

The sausage role

Sir,

*Your item on the Council's so-called attempt to "woo the ethnic vote" (*EYE *845) was totally untrue.*

We have **not** *ordered that all meat served at full meetings of the council should be halal. Council teas, which costs £6 (not £11) a head, consist mostly of sandwiches — some vegetarian, some containing "ordinary" meat — together with scones, samosas and sausage rolls.*

No decision to make a small business grant of £10,000 to an Indian restaurant was taken, and no grant was ever made. This was the situation **before** *there was any publicity about the project.*

In 1986 the now defunct West Midlands County Council promised a grant to the Chinese community, and Birmingham City Council agreed to honour that undertaking. But no such grant has as yet been paid either to the Birmingham Chinese Society, which is a recognised umbrella organisation for a large number of affiliated groups in the city, or to any other group. The allegation that the society spent half of last year's grant on functions and entertainments derives from an absurd misreading of the Society's accounts which

clearly shows that the money spent in this area was raised from other sources.

Yours faithfully,
CLLR THERESA STEWART,
Leader of Birmingham City Council.

Sky light entertainment

Sir,

When BSkyB's head of programming, David Elstein, writes (3 June) of his network's commissioning or producing over 1000 hours of programming annually for Sky One could he be referring, I wonder, to just four programmes?

"The Movie show" (30 minutes weekly) is comprised mainly of promotional material freely supplied by Hollywood distributors wishing to hawk their wares on any outlet, no matter how sad.

"The UK Top Forty" (60 minutes weekly) is loosely stitched together from similarly gratis promotional videos.

The dismal "DJ Kat Show" (190 minutes and 90 minutes on weekdays) is a platform for bought-in-by-the-yard American pseudo-animation.

The only half-way respectable programme — "Blockbusters" (30 minutes on weekdays) — is a co-production with ITV.

Just four programmes, but adding up to more than 1300 hours annually. And that leaves more than 5800 hours during the year on his Godawful channel to fill with ancient repeats, dreary antipodean soaps, staggeringly inane mini-series and grisly "true crime" shows.

Mr Elstein must feel proud to work for such a pioneering, flagship network.

All the best,
ANDY MINION PhD
(lecturer in film),

Derby.

On the wrong track

Sir,

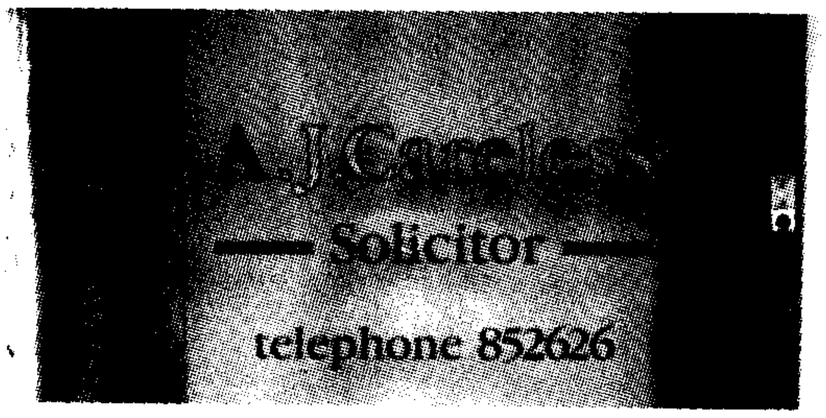
In view of Ian Hislop's reference to me and my reported remarks on last week's edition of HAVE I GOT NEWS FOR YOU *I thought I would write to you and put the record straight. Neither of the reported remarks referred to in the programme were ever made by me. The "If you want a train service move to a city" was "If access to a frequent railway service is very important to your chosen lifestyle then don't live in Spooner Row" in response to a demand from a member of the public for a more frequent service to Spooner Row which only had five trains a day in 1923 and has recently been reduced from three to two daily services. Also the comment "trains are a luxury" was actually — to the same lady — "you should remember that many people in Norfolk no longer have the luxury of access to rail service". The way in which a conversation with a member of the public, overheard by a reporter, has been totally distorted is now the subject of a complaint to the Press Complaints Commission.*

I am a great fan of HAVE I GOT NEWS FOR YOU *" and my brother and I have a complete collection of* PRIVATE EYE *from edition No 1. I appreciate that your remarks were made in good faith based on these distortions although as my profile is very similar to yours your description of me as "fat" was rather hurtful!*

Yours,
DAVID McINTOSH,

Kidderminster.

● ***An*** EYE ***reader has responded to the letter from Mrs R.A. Harris (***EYE ***847). Could Mrs Harris please contact us for details?***



I-SPY

Ventnor, IoW

Submitted by Robin & Susan Hamlyn. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Tribunal instinct

Sir,

In issue 845, your item about the Birmingham Tribunal Unit in the context of the contest to take over Roy Hattersley's Birmingham Sparkbrook seat was entertaining and witty but the facts have clearly not got in the way of a good story.

It is correct that the Birmingham Tribunal Unit (BTU) is a "worthy organisation" and that in basic terms it does "help social security claimants maximise their benefit". In fact, BTU's "worth" has been recognised by Labour and Tory controlled city councils alike and has continued to be funded by successive city councils;

However, as well as being "particularly effective" in the area of Sparkbrook, BTU has also been particularly effective in other economically deprived areas of Birmingham. The reported "switching", by some people in Sparkbrook, from income support to "far more lucrative invalidity benefit" is obviously governed by legislation that does not apply, and has not been applied, exclusively to the Sparkbrook area. Furthermore, with the continuing erosion of contributory benefits such as invalidity benefit and social security benefits in general, the word "lucrative" is not a word that, with any knowledge of the benefit system, would be used to describe any social security benefit.

Finally, your reference to a "Senior Officer" is puzzling. Cases that are referred to BTU for representation are allocated at weekly collective meetings to welfare rights caseworkers according to the available capacity of each worker. There is no senior officer responsible for allocation and allocation is not done on a regional basis.

Yours sincerely,
HELEN WINFIELD,
BTU Management Committee Chairperson.

Beatlemania

Sir,

I refer to the article in EYE *844 where Piloti refers to Liverpool Institute High School for Boys being attended by both John and Paul and the subsequent letter in issue 845 from Roger Taylor of Somerton, Somerset where he corrects Piloti and says that John and George were at Quarry Bank together.*

In actual fact, John was the only member of the Beatles to attend Quarry Bank. Both Paul and George attended Liverpool Institute High School, so both statements were incorrect.

Yours faithfully,
NIGEL GREENBERG
(ex-Cavernite of Liverpool),
Allerton, Liverpool.

An Egg Head writes

Sir,

New Muckspreader's criticism of me in edition 847 is wrong. I have never voted in favour of the egg time/temperature proposals in Europe as has been written. UK officials voted against this measure in May and thereby secured referral to Council of Ministers where a final decision is expected this month. This is made quite clear in the paragraph of my letter to all UK interests from which he quoted. He is also wrong in claiming that I am responsible for policy on pigs.

Yours sincerely,
BARBARA McFADYEN,

Head of Eggs and Poultry Branch, MAFF.

Ruptured

Sir,

It's brastrap — isn't it obvious? Mariella Brastrap — much better than Cockup.

Why don't you people do your research?

Love,
JO KERR,

London E8.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"This game is simmering... that explosion shows you just how close it could be to exploding."

ALAN PARRY, ITV
(E.P. Churchill)

"... not one Millwall player surrounded the referee there."

DAVID PLEAT, ITV
(R.W. Smith)

Richard Allenson: *Hello, Lisa Gardner, who are you?*
Caller: *Lisa Gardner.*

Capital Radio
(Richard Lane)

"Adams now wants that self-respect from other people."

COMMENTATOR, Radio 5
(Paul D. Beard)

"Jack Russell may be the artist, but [Colin] Metson showed he's a rhyming couplet of a wicketkeeper."

REPORTER, Radio Five
(I.K. Williams)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN

IN A FEW WEEKS YOU WILL DISCOVER..
FORTUNES TOLD
.. THAT YOU'RE WORTH A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY.
A FEW WEEKS LATER.
£10,000
ACME SLAVE MARKET

Letter from Pakistan

from Our Own Correspondent

BENAZIR BHUTTO, our prime minister, is in trouble. If the politicians who gather daily at the Marriott hotel coffee shop in Islamabad are to be believed, she will not last beyond the summer.

The thinking is that her Pakistan People's Party (PPP) government will be replaced by a National or multi-party one headed by a pliant prime minister and figurehead president. But as ever the show will be controlled by the military which continues to run Pakistan 47 years after our independence.

Indeed, the army has moved into the commercial sector becoming virtual monopolists in banking, trucking and road construction; and the main cause of Bhutto's likely demise is discontent within the military.

General Headquarters — or GHQ, which spells omnipotence in Pakistan — remained neutral in last October's elections which brought Bhutto to power, assuming she would guarantee them a substantial pay rise and F16 fighter aircraft from the US.

But Bhutto has neither the money in her exchequer for a wage increase nor has she or her "pet" President Farooq Legahri persuaded Washington to lift temporarily its arms embargo (in retaliation for our nuclear programme) and supply around 40 of the fighter aircraft to Pakistan, 21 of which have already been paid for.

Bhutto has also committed the gravest error possible for any Pakistani leader: losing a UN vote to India, our sworn enemy, on human rights violations committed by Indian troops in the disputed state of Kashmir. Bhutto did herself great damage with her do-or-die approach, particularly since India managed to persuade China and Iran, our staunch allies, to support New Delhi.

To top it all Benazir's brother, Murtaza, her bitter and formidable political rival, has been released from jail and is swearing revenge against his "usurper" sister. Facing charges of terrorism, Murtaza was arrested last year on his return from 16 years' exile in Kabul and Damascus. Supported by his mother, Nusrat Bhutto, he won an assembly seat in his home province of Sind and the two have vowed to unseat Benazir.

Murtaza will try to assume the political legacy of Bhutto Sr, his prime minister father hanged in 1979 by the military government which overthrew him. In this soap opera, Murtaza's closest supporter and political manager is the husband of Benazir's sister, Sanna or Sonny, who lives in London but flits in and out trying, unsuccessfully, a family reconciliation.

As if political, family and foreign policy crises were not enough, Bhutto is also faced with declining foreign exchange assets, virtually negligible overseas investment, lawlessness in the south Sind province where army troops are fighting well-armed urban guerrillas and the burgeoning clout of heroin traffickers who run private armies and have reaped a bumper opium crop this year, making Pakistan the world's largest narcotics exporter.

She also has to deal with restless tribesmen in the North West Frontier Province and adjoining Baluchistan who are demanding independence, and the frightening prospect of the ongoing civil war in Afghanistan spiralling southwards into Pakistan.

The awesome weapons arsenal left behind after the Afghan war has spawned the "Kalashnikov culture". Deadly AD-47 assault rifles can be hired by the hour in the southern port city of Karachi, and anyone of significance must carry one around. According to intelligence officials around two million of these rifles are currently in Pakistan, packed, greased and ready for use.

Bhutto's tenuous hold over the country was brought home recently when, under pressure from an ultra orthodox group, she capitulated and introduced the Sharia or Islamic law in Malakand, a tribal area 80 miles north of Islamabad. PPP members and government officials are fearful that dominant groups in other parts of Pakistan, taking their cue from Malakand, may organise similar protests which they admit can only threaten the survival of the federal government.

FUNNY OLD WORLD

"The weather has been cancelled until further notice," newscaster Priya Suresh announced at the end of New Delhi's main evening news bulletin. "It's all got too complicated to explain, and we keep getting it wrong anyway. So instead, a little earlier than planned, here's *Cibaca Geet Mala*."

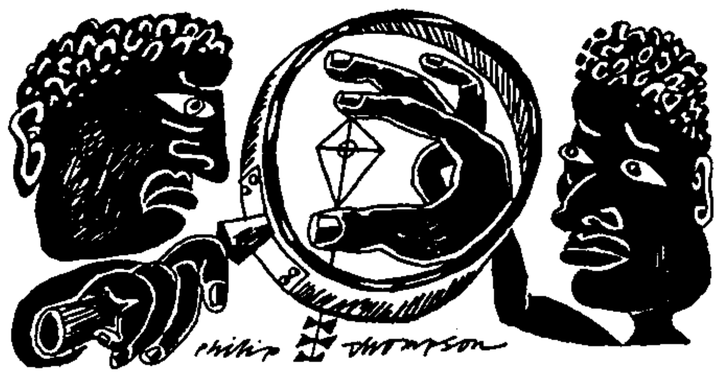
Justifying the sudden change in scheduling, a spokesman for Doordarshan Television later explained: "It's been an abnormal April with, quite literally, scorching sunshine one minute and bitter winds and rain the next. On Monday evening, our weatherman told viewers, quite literally, to keep their woollen underwear on, and next day the temperature was 102°. On Tuesday he promised more sunshine and we had four inches of snow. He's a professional meteorologist and, when the death threats from viewers came in, he took it all very personally. He spent all Wednesday quite literally memorising a long report, and tried to explain the freak conditions using satellite pictures but, half way through the evening broadcast, he forgot what he was talking about and, quite literally, he couldn't go on. He just kept smiling nervously and adjusting his tie while repeating 'If the snowcover over the Himalayas is sparse, it will surely lead to a good monsoon' until he started to cry and eventually we quite literally faded him out.

"We haven't seen him since. We'll try him again next month, though. It's always blazing hot every day in May, so he should be able to cope. But I'm not sure he will return. His granny was attacked by an irate farmer with a chainsaw. Quite literally." *(The Sunday Times of India, 17/4/94. Spotter — Gwen Richards)*

—o—

"Kite fliers demand justice," chanted Rodney Hope, in a lone protest outside the Fontabelle offices of the *Barbados Advocate*. "Editor, obey the rules. Fascism begins this way."

Brandishing a placard bearing the slogan ADVOCATE SMALL KITE SHAM, Hope, from Eden Lodge, St Michael, demanded a public inquiry into the judging of the newspaper's annual small kite competition: "It's an outrage. It's a small kite competition and my 2cm kite was the smallest, but the judges gave the prize to a 6in kite and then said there'd been a mix-up with names. The same thing happened last year, too. They announced me as the winner, but then gave the $200 dollar prize to someone else with a 9in kite, and said there'd been a mix-up. Mix-up my posterior. It's favouritism."



Commenting on the situation, the *Advocate*'s Vice-President for Marketing and Sales, Mr Tony Cumberbatch, said: "It's true that this is a small kite competition, and Mr Hope's entry was by far the smallest, but there's more to it than that. He claimed that his 2cm kite could fly but, when we investigated, he was obviously holding it on a piece of stiff wire, and not on string. When we tied a piece of thread onto it, and asked him to try again, he couldn't get it up, and it fell to earth like a stone. In our opinion, if it don't fly it ain't a kite. He was also squeezing a rubber ball in his left trouser pocket. I cannot be certain this was anything to do with cheating, but I didn't like it. The judges' decision is final, thank you." *(The Barbados Advocate, 6/4/94. Spotter — Paul Brennan)*

Compiled by
Victor Lewis-Smith

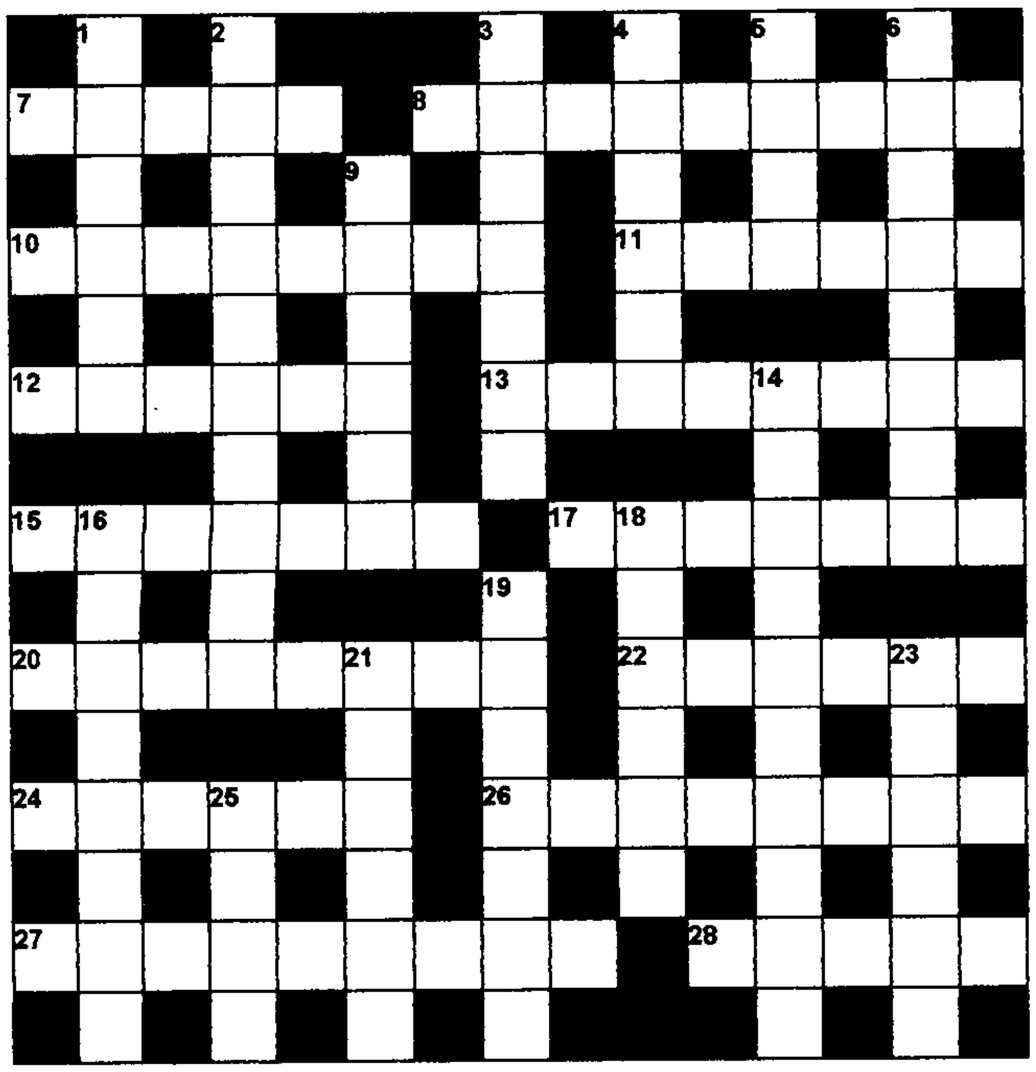
—o—

"The situation is absolutely under control," Transport Minister Ephraem Magagula told the Swaziland parliament in Mbabane. "Our nation's merchant navy is perfectly safe. We just don't know where it is, that's all."

Replying to an MP's question, Minister Magagula admitted that the landlocked country had completely lost track of its only ship, the Swazimar: "We believe it is in a sea somewhere. At one time, we sent a team of men to look for it, but there was a problem with drink and they failed to find it, and so, technically, yes, we've lost it a bit. But I categorically reject all suggestions of incompetence on the part of this government. The Swazimar is a big ship painted in the sort of nice bright colours you can see at night. Mark my words, it will turn up. The right honourable gentleman opposite is a very naughty man, and he will laugh on the other side of his face when my ship comes in." (The Star [Johannesburg], 25/4/94. Spotter — Paul la Hausse de Lalouvière)

EYE CROSSWORD 4 by Cyclops

£100 winner CHARLIE ADAMSON



ACROSS

7/17/23 Truss fitted in minor operation — the scourge of many a father! (5,7,6)

8 Leader calls for return of *Eye*'s salutatory column. Thanks! Yes! (as Di might say) (9)

10 The latest projected Virgin direction on rock (8)

11/19 Where shit's shovelled regularly in the *Eye*? (4,2,3,4)

12 It's Lord Gnome's opinion Brenda sort of shot first (6)

13 What Brillo Pad did to acquire a lot of bucks — flagellated (8)

15 Have sex holding leftie hero's chopper (7)

17 (see 7)

20 (see 25)

22 Regulation crappy first half of *Baywatch* includes bit of the Beeb's flop (6)

24 Let's scupper Mitterrand internally (6)

26 Knackered professional (8)

27 Bloody conservative close to the Kremlin (3,6)

28 Charlie's runaway catches cold — the mutt! (5)

DOWN

1 Our mag's sexy look (3,3)

2 Practice outlawed by Thatcher — or one of many victims of her economic policy? (6,4)

3 Tebbit-inspired self-motivator? (7)

4 If Warren Beatty gets on top of one, ring his employer! (6)

5 Unwise to get your teeth into such a job! (4)

6 One bent on buggering up airline's flipping new route? (8)

9 Scene of Terry's seizure that's swimming in aftershave (6)

14 Strict control about to be imposed on Fleet Street gets no one's backing (10)

16 Her vice: getting screwed by a good performer (8)

18 Old city curse is rather bland (6)

19 (see 11)

21 Camelot's top man, a bit of a wide boy (6)

23 (see 7)

25/20 She took corrective action to avoid stroke (4,8)

£100 prize to first correct solution opened on 22.6.94. Send entries to "Crossword", Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD 3

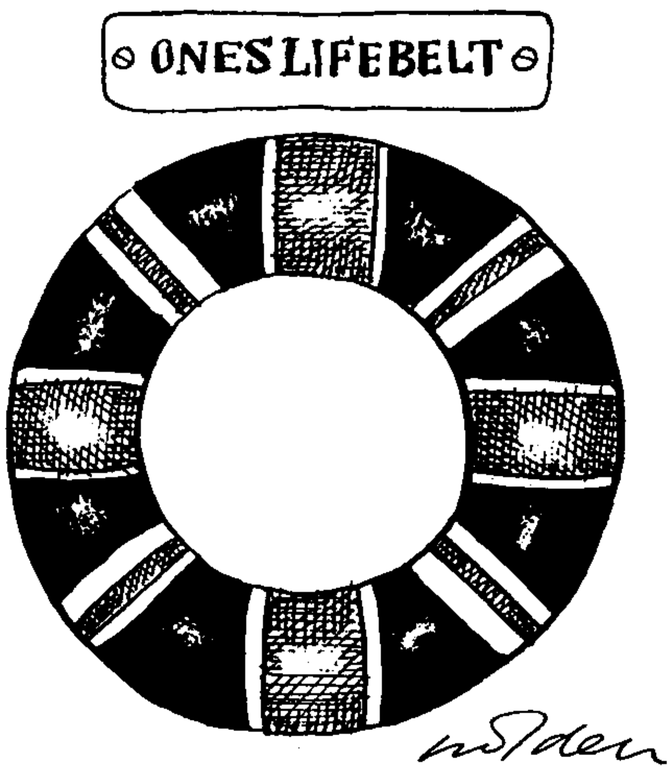
ACROSS: 8 Gaza 9 Eyeballing 10/24 Pseuds Corner 11 Mr Blobby 12 Prescott 14 Stalin 16 Scam 18/27 Group Four 20 Oink 21 Stir up 23 Eurocrat 25 Strip off 28 Inrush 29 Strasbourg 30 Eden.

DOWN: 1 Maastricht 2 Values 3 Rees-Mogg 4 Term 5 Rabbis 6 Eldorado 7 Knob 13 Trove 15 Ian Paisley 17 Marginal 19 Porridge 22 Phoebe 24 (see 10) 26 Tutu 27 (see 18).

The Secret Diary of John Major aged 47¾

Monday

Today was a very historic day 50 years ago. It was D-Day which was the day when Britain first went into the heart of Europe. I thought this was a very good omen for my campaign in the Euro-elections which has exactly the same theme! Mr Meyer tells me that I have to go to a place called Normandy where we are going to have our photographs taken to remember the people who died. Her Majesty the Queen has graciously offered to let me accompany her on her special boat, which is called Britannia after the famous song. When I got on board, Her Majesty kindly asked me to get her a stiff gin and "something for the prime minister whom I am expecting". When I explained to her than I was the prime minister, she laughed. "Good heavens,"



she said, "so you are. How times have changed. The last time I was here it was Mr Churchill. He was a great man." I was very moved to be compared with this great Conservative prime minister. "Oh yes," I said, making a joke, "we shall fight them on the Social Chapter." Unfortunately Her Majesty could not appreciate my joke as she had a sudden attack of sea-sickness.

Tuesday

Today is another historic day as it is the day when all the newspapers have articles about yesterday. But I am not inconsiderably annoyed that they are all showing pictures of Mr Clinton, who was too young even to be born when D-Day happened, unlike me who was considerably alive (ie one). I have to say that the French people were very friendly to me when I went for a walkabout in a village called Toutes Directions. All the villagers threw pieces of cheese and shouted, "Monsieur Two-Track à la lanterne", which Mr Meyer explained showed that they though my opt-out policy was a shining lamp-post in the gloom of Europe.

Wednesday

Today is E-Day-minus-one, ie the day before the historic European elections. Sir Norma Fowler has in no small measure cheered me up. "I'm afraid it looks like a landslide, prime minister," he told me. "That is very good news," I said, "it must be as a result of my brilliant election broadcast in which I spelled out my new idea of a two-speed Europe, with ourselves in the fast lane but going slowly."

Sir Norma had obviously not been listening as he interrupted me. "It'll be an anti-Tory landslide, you idiot," he said.

"It is you who are the idiot," I said, quick as a flash. "You cannot even decide what type of landslide it is going to be. And besides, if we are in the fast lane going slowly, the landslide will not hit us. It will hit the car in front, or the one behind."

Thursday

Today I was invited on the famous Today programme, which all politicians have to listen to, to find out what's going on. I was interviewed by the great John Humphrys, who really tried to catch me out over Europe by saying that Mr Gummer and Mr Clarke didn't appear to agree with my new two-track Europe policy,with us driving slowly in the fast lane and everyone hooting behind and flashing their lights. "You are wrong, John," I told him, "my government is entirely united on Europe, whatever the cabinet may say". He was lost for words and to cover his embarrassment immediately said that it was now time for Mr Rabbi Blue to tell one of his jokes about his granny.

Friday

The newspapers are trying to pretend that we have lost all the by-elections. This is true, but losing five by-elections is not nearly as bad as losing, say, more than five, which I did not. Oh, no. So there. No one is down-hearted in this Party and at our Cabinet meeting there were many smiling faces to greet me. Particularly Mr Portfolio, Mr Clark and Mr Heseltine.

Saturday

Sir Norman came in to warn me again about the Euro-elections. "If we lose, Prime Minister, it will be due to apathy", he said. "But I've done everything I can. I've made speeches every day," I replied. "That's the trouble," he said, as he tried to strangle me with his bare hands. "Would you like to spend more time with your family again?" I asked him, which seemed to calm him down.

Luckily, Mr Meyer came in to help me up from the floor and to tell me about his latest brilliant idea for the Euro-elections. "I have told all the newspapers that if we get one seat it will be a miracle."

Sunday

The miracle has happened! We have won well over the one seat deemed to be miraculous and, in fact, have performed in a manner that could be counted in my judgment as a landslide!! 16 seats is sixteen times as many as one! This is surely a victory in any one's book!

So much for Sir Norman's gloomy predictions. It really is time he went.

I have asked Mr Heseltine if he would like a new job. "Yes, indeed," he said, "when can I move in?" I do not see why Mr Heseltine should want to move into Sir Norman's house, since Sir Norman will be there spending more time with his family. You can see why Mr Heseltine will never be Prime Minister.

THAT Tony Blur David Frost INTERVIEW IN FULL

Sir David Frostrup: Hello, good morning and welcome.

Tony Blur: I think it's too early to say that.

Sir Davidella Frostrup: So if you become Prime Minister will you be committed to full employment?

Phony Blur: Obviously we want to have a society, David, where everyone has an opportunity to work, and the Labour Party is committed to this.

Sir Kellogg's Frostrups: And when exactly do you envisage that happening? Can you set a date or a target for this?

Tony Blahblah: I can't possibly give a date for answering that question, but what I *can* do is give you a firm commitment to repeat my previous answer about the Labour Party's commitment to the sort of society that I mentioned earlier. *(Smiles angelically)*

Sir David Fisticuffs: Super! But what about the other candidates for the Labour leadership? Do you see John Prescott as a threat?

Tony Hot-Blair: John Prescott and I have no differences of opinion over anything. He thinks he should be leader and I think I should be. We are as one on this one. *(Smiles again)*

Sir David Firstup: Should you end up in Number Ten Downing Street, Tony, could you set a firm date for me getting a peerage?

Fuzzy Blair: It is far too early to get up and appear on this programme.

(This continues in same vein until Disney Club, when viewers switch on)

Six to watch in the USA!

MOLDAVIA

Enrico Bobbin, Moldavia's hard man in defence. At 63, Enrico can still hold his own against the toughest of the world's strikers. Veteran of ten world cups, he will cause real problems for commentators, as no one knows what he looks like.

THRESHERLAND (formerly British Lamont)

John Onanugu, the 23 year old assistant manager of a wine shop in Praed Street, has never played football, but should cause real problems for Cabinet Ministers needing a drink hanging around Paddington on a Friday night.

USA

Hank Yank (formerly André Drebretnov Djinskvy). This recent emigré to America has, over the last week since he arrived, shown great promise and has pledged to bring the World Cup home to Slovakia (shurely America, Ed.).

Strengths: Ball control in the six yard box.

Weaknesses: Limited control of English. Under investigation by US Immigration Authority.

ENGLAND

David "Platty" Platt. You can't watch him because he's not there. *(That's enough players to watch, Ed.)*

HONOURS IN FULL

Continued from Page One.

M.V. Buggins, Senior Assistant Under-Secretary to the Over-Secretary of the Department of Secretaries, Whitehall, Services to Filing Cabinet Requisition;

C.E.L.E.B.

Mr Victor Meldrew, TV's Mr Grumpy, for services to making the Government look like it's got a sense of humour;

Dame Mariella Frostrup, services to insomnia;

Lord Blobswell (formerly Mr Blobby) for services to the BBC's Noel's House Party;

Rabbi Lionel Blob, services in the synagogue daily, twice Saturdays.

N.O.B.O.D.Y. (Civil)

Mrs Edna Witheridge, Lollipop Person, for services to the Juvenile Traffic Regulatory Body of Sketchley, Hants;

Ms Joy Rider, Secretary General of "Bungee Jumping for Pit Ponies", for services to charity;

Mr Barry Geezer, Chairman of "Fone Clene — the Office Hygiene People", services to office hygiene.

B.R.I.B.E.S. (Overseas)

Mr Han Din Till, Chairman, Hong Kong Triad Bank of Commerce;

Mr Winston Yardie, Group Managing Director, Caribbean Overseas and Kingston Exports (C.O.K.E.);

Sheik Abdul Baqhandah, Chairman, the Mark Thatcher Technical Supplies Co, Saudi Arabia (Exocets – we gottem!) services to the Conservative Party. *(That's enough awards. Ed.)*

Bond gives Dimbleby Lecture

by Our Security Staff **Edward Pierce-Brosnan, Roger Charles Moore and Sean Day-Connery**

MR JAMES Bond last night came out of the shadows to deliver this year's Dimbleby Lecture on "the Role of the Secret Services in the Modern World".

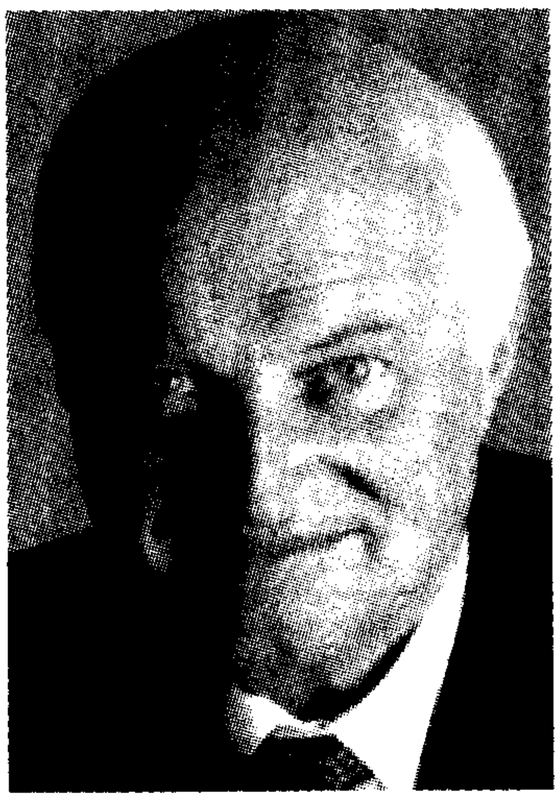
In an absorbing and far-reaching *tour d'horizon* Bond, James Bond, dispelled the various myths which had sprung up about his department.

Thunderbore

"I have no licence to kill," he told an invited audience. "Any assassinations have to be agreed with the Home Secretary and the legal officers of MI5 and, in any case, are very rarely issued. Then and only then can one use the cigarette lighter with the deadly miniature harpoon or these cufflinks which spray cyanide nerve gas onto your enemy and then can be inflated to form a submarine or helicopter."

Mr Bond was then led away by men in white coats (Q, M, etc).

Ms Stella Moneypenny is the new Head of MI5.



Goldfinger Elected

SIR JAMES Goldfinger, who plans to dominate the world, was elected as Euro-MP for Limoges South. A delighted Sir James told reporters, as he stroked his white cat: "I plan to take a keen interest in affairs in Strasbourg and also to build a vast Undersea Bubble with its own nuclear Envirosphere from where I can hold the world to ransom with my army of Giant Killer Scorpions."

COMING SOON

NEW MUSICAL!

TIM AND HIS AMAZING TECHNICOLOR KNIGHTHOOD

including hit lyric

Sir Tim Rice, You're Really Awfully Nice

LYRIC IN FULL

Sir Tim, arise.
What a surprise!
It's now Sir Rice,
Which is really nice.

© Sir T. Rice Disney Co. 1994

Music not by Andrew Lloyd Webber

Other hits include

Jesus Christ, Why Have They Given Him An Honour?

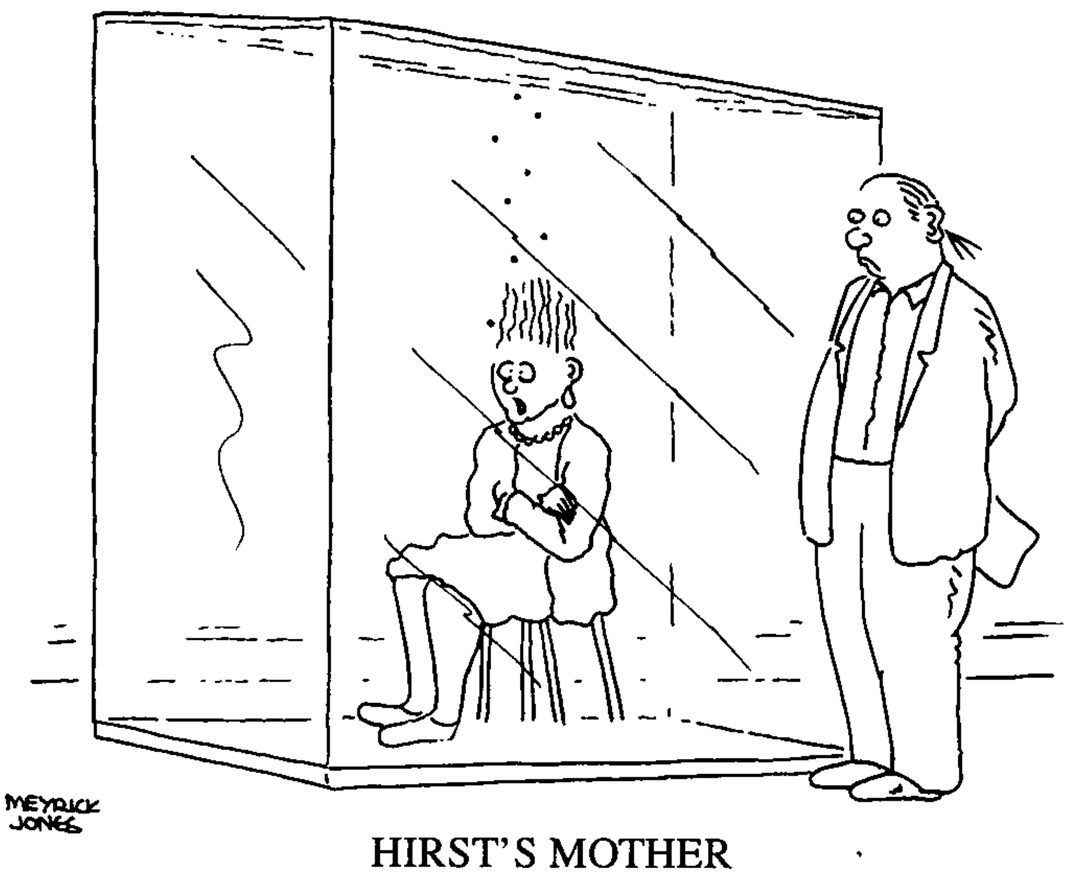
Don't Laugh At Me, Everybody

(That's enough other hits. Ed.)

CAST IN FULL

Her Majesty The Queen . . . . . ELAINE PAGE

Sir Tim Rice . . . . . ELAINE PAGE



HIRST'S MOTHER

NEW WOMAN IN CLARK SCANDAL

by Our Smut and Snobbery Staff **Valerie Harkess-'n'-Tell**

IN A sensational twist to the Alan Clark story, a woman came forward yesterday claiming that she had *never* slept with Alan Clark.

The woman, a Carmelite nun who has lived in Patagonia for the last 50 years, revealed that, despite living only 7,000 miles away from the Saltwood Castle home of the former Conservative Minister, he had never once seduced her.

Sister Virginia Chastita told the News of the World in an exclusive interview, arranged by her agent Max Clifford:

"Alan never laid a finger on me. Nor on my sisters. Nor on my Mother Superior."

The normally reticent Clark reacted angrily to these fresh allegations, telling reporters:

"This is too much. The woman's off her head. I am consulting my solicitor. This sort of smear can be very damaging to one's reputation."

Meanwhile Jane Clark, wife of the controversial MP, has admitted to being shocked.

"This is too much. I'm leaving him. If he can't even be trusted to try it on with a South American nun then I don't know where I stand. The man's totally unreliable."

KIDDIES' EURO-CORNER

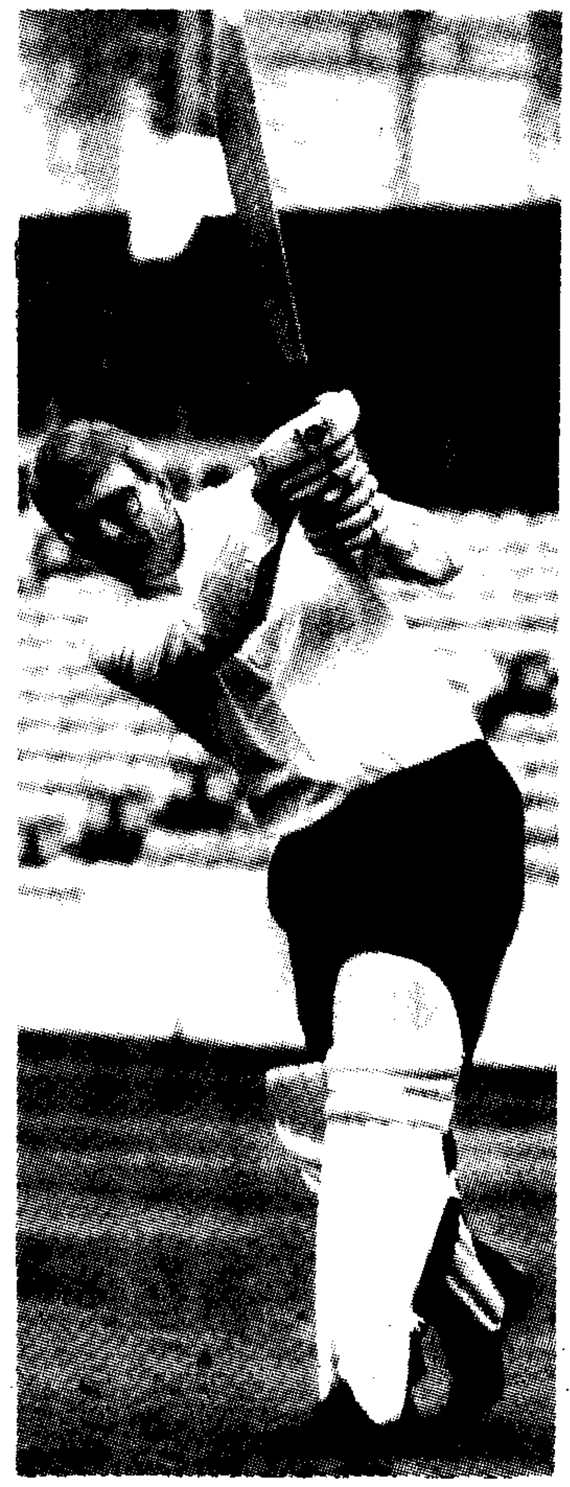
MAKE YOUR OWN ELECTION BROADCAST

What You Need

- Aerial film of White Cliffs of Dover.
- Elgar-style patriotic music.
- Statistics showing Britain either coming out of recession or not.
- Black-and-white film of D-Day.
- Man in suit explaining advantages of being in Europe while at the same time sticking up for Britain's interests.
- Pie-chart showing increase or decrease in jobs as appropriate.
- Slogan — e.g. Putting Britain First In Europe.
- Hotline number.
- Vote Conservative/ Labour/Lib-Dem (Labour).

THE RECORD BREAKER GOES ON AND ON

By Our Cricket Staff
O'Val Hennesy and Graham Lords



THE MODEST little man from south London has done it again!

The staggering 501 votes given to his party in the Euro-elections has put him into the Guinness Book of Records for the fifth time in only two months.

It was the lowest vote ever achieved by a party at any election in the entire history of first-class politics.

Here are the other amazing landmarks which little John Major has clocked up:

- **Jan. 1994. His 3.75% poll rating made him the most unpopular prime minister ever.**
- **May 1994. His score of 2716 seats lost in the local elections beat even the astonishing record of Lord Liverpool in 1823.**
- **June 1994. His loss of seven by-elections in a row was the highest score ever achieved by an incumbent prime minister.**
- **His 501-vote total in the Euro-elections made him the most laughed-at prime minister since records began.**

Where next for the little man from Brixton?

The experts are all agreed that he is the most consummate vote loser of all time — with his dazzling lack of technique, his flawless incompetence and his ability to get his feet into his mouth at every opportunity.

THE RECORD BREAKERS

1. J. Major
2. R. Nixon
3. H. Wilson
4. Louis XVI
5. Czar Nicholas II
6. The Emperor Nero
7. King Bomba of Naples
8. Papa Doc Duvalier
9. Papa Doc Owen
10. Ethelred the Totally and Utterly Useless.

From the *EuroJoke Book*

Page 94: Acceptable Jokes For Use In The Workplace

Section 7(b)

Q. How many Irishmen does it take to change a lightbulb?
A. Only one, because he is quite capable of doing it on his own.

Q. Why did the Irish chicken cross the road?
A. Because it had been sensible enough to make sure that there were no cars coming from either direction.

Knock, knock.
Who's there?
Gerry Adams.
Gerry Adams who?
Gerry Adams is a very fine fellow who is striving earnestly for peace in very difficult circumstances.
(Under the British opt-out, this joke may only be told by an actor.)

Poetry Corner

In Memoriam Dennis Potter, Playwright

So. Farewell then
Dennis Potter.

You were
The greatest television
playwright
Ever.

According to everyone
On the television.

I never saw any of
Your work.

But Keith says
The one with the girl in bra
And black stockings

Was really
Steamy
And he still has it
On video.

That is a tribute to
How great
You were.

D. Day-Thribb (50)

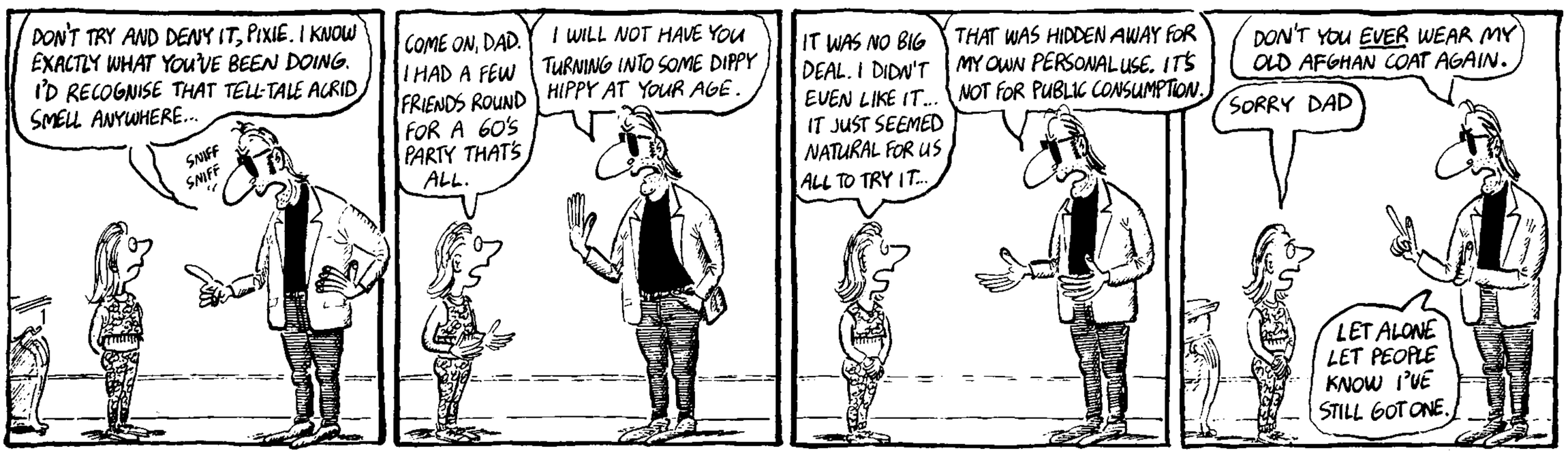
Great Bores Of Today.

"... it's so good to get away from it all England seems like another world I don't miss the papers one bit and as for the news well it's just such a relief not to have to tune in and get depressed by listening to Bosnia and that place in Africa and the boring European elections and how Major's doing it's always the same you'll get back home and find nothing's changed and being here you get such a different perspective I met a chap who'd just arrived and I borrowed his *Mail on Sunday* did you know Ken Livingstone is going to stand for the Labour leadership? that should liven it up a bit I've got a lot of time for him and the chap from *Taggart* has died which is very sad and Lionel Blue has got an OBE you can get him here on the World Service and Lara's got another century amazing Mario will get you Sky Sport if you ask in the bar it's so good to get away isn't it? when are you going home...?"

Those Plodder Tributes in full . . . . . *pp 3-87*

"He taught me everything I know" — WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
"He led the way where no one else dared to follow" — OSCAR WILDE
"Even better than me" — G. BERNARD SHAW
"Makes my Three Sisters *look like* Neighbours*"* — A. CHEKHOV
"——" — H. PINTER
"Drittsekk" — H. IBSEN

Celeb


DON'T TRY AND DENY IT, PIXIE. I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU'VE BEEN DOING. I'D RECOGNISE THAT TELL-TALE ACRID SMELL ANYWHERE...
SNIFF SNIFF
COME ON, DAD. I HAD A FEW FRIENDS ROUND FOR A 60'S PARTY THAT'S ALL.
I WILL NOT HAVE YOU TURNING INTO SOME DIPPY HIPPY AT YOUR AGE.
IT WAS NO BIG DEAL. I DIDN'T EVEN LIKE IT... IT JUST SEEMED NATURAL FOR US ALL TO TRY IT...
THAT WAS HIDDEN AWAY FOR MY OWN PERSONAL USE. IT'S NOT FOR PUBLIC CONSUMPTION.
DON'T YOU EVER WEAR MY OLD AFGHAN COAT AGAIN.
SORRY DAD
LET ALONE LET PEOPLE KNOW I'VE STILL GOT ONE.

That Clinton Laudatio in full

WILHELMUS JEFFERSONIUS AIRPLANUS CLINTONENSIS, SALUTAMUS VENERABILIS UNIVERSITATIS OXONIENSIS. QUONDAM RHODUS SCHOLASTICUS ET MARIJUANA NON-INHALIENSIS, ET EX BELLO VIETNAMENSIS NON CONSCRIPTIONE EXCUSATUS. SUBSEQUENTIS GUBERNATOR RESPUBLICA ARKANSENSIS ET PERPETRATOR CRIMINALIS SLEAZISSIMUS IN NOMINE "AQUA BLANCA" SCANDALUS, CUM TUA UXORE HILLARIUS RODDAMA CLINTESTERONE. ETIAM LEGOVERUS MULTITUDINUS CUM MULTAE BIMBONES, GENNIFA FLORES, PAULA JONES ET CETERA, ET CETERA. SATYRIASIS ABNORMALIS IN MODO PRESIDENTIUS KENNEDENSIS. TUA FAMA EXTENDID PER OMNE MUNDO PRO JOGGENDO, JUVANDO AD SAXOPHONUM ET NON MUCH ELSE. ESPERAMUS QUID PRO QUO MULTI RICHI AMERICANI DONABUNT MUCHOS DOLLARES AD UNIVERSITATEM OXONIENSIS.

OMNES: VIVAT, VIVAT CLINTSTONE ZABADABA-DOO.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

D-Day Reminiscences

From Sir Herbert Gussett

SIR,—Your readers may be interested to learn how two young men played their part in the great events which led to the liberation of Europe on 6 June 1944 — a story which for the past 50 years has never been told owing to the strictures of the Official Secrets Act.

It was in September 1939 that the two young heros in question — namely yours truly and his friend B. Frobisher — joined the colours in the West Sussex Dragoons (now, alas, absorbed in the Duchess of York's Northumberland and Southern Counties Light Infantry).

For five years we trained continuously for the historic moment when allied troops would once again stand on the continent of Europe, as it languished under the jackboot of the filthy tyrant — ie the Hun, if in these days of so-called political correctness one is still allowed by M. Delors to call a spade a spade!

Through all those long years we prepared for the great day, training non-stop with a continual round of route marches, bayonet drill and kit inspections.

Finally in June 1944 the long-awaited day came, when our supreme Commander General Eisenhower uttered his immortal call to arms: "Let's go, boys!" Buffy and I at once leaped into our trusty Bren Carrier and prepared to join the endless queue of vehicles which was heading for the South Coast.

It was an astonishing sight which no one who was there on that day will ever forget. Women and children stood in their gardens by the roadside, waving Union Jacks with cries of "Godspeed".

Unfortunately we had barely advanced ten yards on our historic mission when our erstwhile trusty Bren carrier came to an unplanned halt due to what we ascertained was a lack of petrol. By the time Buffy had returned from HQ with the necessary fuel, the convoy had moved on and we were forced to travel alone across unknown terrain.

As your older readers may recall, in the emergency conditions of wartime, all signposts had been removed for the duration to confuse the enemy. Thus it was that the following morning, at approximately 1200 hours, we found ourselves entering a small hamlet. Seeing the place deserted, we made our way into a strategically situated building at the centre of the village to establish our whereabouts and to get a map reference for our allotted embarkation point, eg Dover. It transpired, as luck would have it, that we had alighted upon the village hostelry, the sign of which had been taken down for the same security reason as the signposts (see above). Behind the bar stood the landlord, the late Mr Zechariah Balon, who having assured himself that we were not German spies by asking us to name the winner of the Derby in 1938, informed us that we were over 150 miles to the west of our PE (Port of Embarkation). He suggested that, before attempting to rejoin our unit, we might care to revive our morale by sampling some of his much-prized home-made elderflower whisky at a reasonably price. Col. Frobisher and myself accepted his proposal with alacrity and to cut a long story short, we have been here ever since.

SIR H. GUSSET
The Lamb and Flag
Somewhere in South West England
Dorset.

Who Killed Cock Robin?

Who killed Cock Robin?
"I," said Major's cat,
"I did that.
Oh yes."

SUPERMODELS

Neil Kerber

CLAUDIA DARLING, APPARENTLY THERE'S ONE BIT OF MAGIC..
THAT THE PUBLIC WOULD REALLY LOVE.
SO I'M GOING TO MAKE US BOTH
DISAPPEAR...
Kerber

Thousands assemble for D-Day invasion

by Our Media Staff
Jane "Vera" Thynne

IT WAS a day no one would ever forget, as a vast army of words began to move as one onto the pages of the Daily Telegraph.

Historic, Strategic, Logistic, Materiel, Mulberry Harbour, Pincer, Beachhead, Turning-Point, Panzergrüppen — all these words and thousands more like them were deployed in the biggest exercise this century has seen.

The Longest Daily Telegraph

Preparations began way back in March when small columns were sent in to strategic sections to prepare the ground for the big push.

Then in June the main barrage began, and hundreds of heavy pieces were manoeuvred into Features and Editorial, rapidly establishing bridgeheads on pages 6, 7 and 11 before finally capturing the front page from Alan Clark's love life on the day of 6th June itself.

The Operation Commander behind the campaign to occupy the entire Daily Telegraph was delighted at his initial success, but was ever mindful of the cost.

O.D. Day

"We mustn't forget that there is a price to be paid for all this," said General Max Hastings.

"My entire staff have been in Normandy all year and the drinks bill at the hotels alone would have defeated a less determined newspaper. Despite this, I think we can be proud of ourselves today. We have scored an outstanding victory over the enemy, i.e. The Times."

Max Hastings is 50.

GLYNDEBOURNE SHOCK

By Our Opera Staff **David Mellor di Radio**

OPERA lovers were last night shocked by a raunchy, no-holds-barred new production of Mozart's *Don Clarkoni*, in which the notorious libertine is portrayed as a former defence procurement minister who cannot keep his hands off anything in a skirt.

Act One opens with the boastful philanderer compiling an account of his conquests in many countries of the world. He sings the famous aria "Economico con l'actualité", while he casts admiring glances at the ankles of his elderly mistress Donna Maggi.

Coven Garden

But just when Don Clarkoni is feeling most pleased with himself, having sold 1003 copies of his Diario "in Spain alone", on to the stage come three masked figures, who accuse him of violating them all in the aria, "Tutti la Famiglia".

These are three discarded mistresses who have pursued him half way round the world in the hope of selling their story to a Sunday newspaper.

At the end of the final act, the mysterious statue of a judge comes to life, breathing vengeance on Clarkoni and threatening to horsewhip him.

Clarkoni refuses to repent and summons his lawyer, the legendary Bizet's George Carmen. It is too late. The Furies drag him down to hell.

CAST IN FULL

Don Clarkoni	LUCIANO PAVAROTTI
Donna Elvira Harkess	DAME KIRI TAKEAWAY
Donna Anna Harkess	DAME JANET BAKER
Donna Trelford Harkess	DAME PAMELLA BORDES
Donna Maggi	JESSYE NORMAN
The Judge	ROBERT TEAR
Man in Audience	DAVID FROSTRUP

The Saltwood Bedchamber Orchestra was conducted by MAX CLIFFORD CURZON.

COMING SOON: The Love of One Orange by S. Milligan.

I INVENTED THE FAX MACHINE.....
I'M RELATED TO THE QUEEN, YOU KNOW...
I ONCE PLAYED FOR MANCHESTER UNITED....
I'VE BEEN TO BED WITH VIRGINIA BOTTOMLEY...
McLACHLAN

"Doctor, I'm worried – my husband spends the whole day lying in bed"

Notes & Queries

A service by our readers for our readers (as seen in all other newspapers)

QUESTION: Why was D-Day so called?

☐I MUST take issue with J Fenby in your last issue, who claimed erroneously that the 'D' in D-day was due to a typing error by Churchill's secretary Cpl. Moneypenny of the WRAC, and should have read 'O-Day' for Operation Overlord. Surely every schoolboy (and indeed schoolgirl) knows that the 'D' was chosen as apart of a plan to confuse the Germans by fooling them into thinking that the invasion was going to take place in December — hence 'D' for the month in question. — *Capt. M. Willoughby, Uffcombe.*

☐THERE is no mystery about D-Day. Originally Eisenhower had drawn up a series of possible dates for the invasion. Each was given a code-letter — eg A-Day was March 14th 1943, B-Day was October 12th 1943, and C-Day was May 1st 1944 — and so on till Z-Day which was 31st December 1960. As luck would have it, the weather forecast for the day code-lettered D was June 6th 1944, and the rest is history. — *Victor Maltby, Bognor Regis.*

☐THE 'D' in D-Day, as all we Germans learned in school, stood for "Der Tag", ie "the day" in German. When the news of the Allied invasion came through, we were all overjoyed as we realised it would soon mean the liberation of our country from people like my father. — *A. Goebbels, Berlin.*

QUESTION: is it true that all the plans for D-Day were sent by German secret agents to their Nazi masters via the Daily Telegraph crossword?

☐THIS is perfectly true. The compiler of the Telegraph crossword, Quisling, was a German emigré who had met Churchill in his club a few weeks before the invasion. In typically expansive mood, the prime minister explained his masterplan for the reconquest of Europe, which Quisling in due course incorporated into his crosswords of June 1-5. The answers were as follows:

ACROSS. 1. Watch out. 5. Adolf. 8. Allies 10. Will 12. Invade 14. Omelette 17. Normandy 20. June 21. Sixth 28. Salamander. — *Kevin Cholmondeley-Farquharson, Blandford.*

QUESTION: What does the word 'Day' mean in D-Day?

☐DAY was the name of a popular American singer Doris (or D) Day, who entertained the troops with such songs as Top Secret Love and Hitler Get Your gun. She was known as the "Forces Sweetheart" and inevitably the great day was named after her. — *C. Day-Lewis, Puddleton.*

☐I HAVE never heard such nonsense. D-Day was named after me. — *Daniel Day-Lewis, Hollywood, Ireland.*

NEXT WEEK'S QUESTIONS: Is it true that the Aztecs invented the Lilo? Are snakes colour-blind? Why is the periodic table so-called? How did Mariella Frostrup get that column in the Sunday Times?

DIARY

January 19th 1969: Gordon Hordern-Bordern comes into my office to tell me of a crisis in Korea. I get my men on to it, and they come back two hours later, elated. It emerges that Korea is in the Far East. I listen to Gordon patiently, as any modern Ambassador should, but without anxiety. I have heard the full range of Far East problems many times before. I put him at ease by telling him that one of the advantages of the East is that it is indeed so far. When his chuckles have died down, I add that its problems are inherently unsuited to solution, and are likely to continue very messy. He roars with laughter. I top him up with an amusing Ducru Beychevelle and we spend the rest of the day choosing a suitable wedding present for the Eric Honeckers' daughter, and selecting the right smoked salmon for a buffet reception for the Ceaucescus, who are always so very appreciative.

September 3rd 1972: At the risk of spoiling the sport of those who like tilting at windmills, I cannot help thinking that the argument that the function of the diplomat has decreased and continues to decrease rests on a false premise. There is much that we do to blow the trumpet for British Exports. Only yesterday we threw a dinner party in the Bonn Embassy for the one product with which the British continue to lead the world. For the British Driving Glove Manufacturers Annual Dinner, we asked all our foreign dignitaries to wear the British driving gloves provided to the right of their knives. Wearing these highly flexible and marvellously lightweight (23% cotton mix) gloves, they happily tucked into a decent three-course meal with a complimentary glass of wine. Afterwards, they were kind enough to say that these British gloves had offered little or no impediment to their pleasure. In my closing speech, I thanked them all for coming, and reminded them not to remove their driving gloves from the premises, but to return them in orderly fashion to the doorman on their way out. Such dynamic sales-drives are now a vital part of any British Ambassador's life, and are not lightly to be dismissed.

May 24th 1973: After an excellent dinner for the Phatt-Leeches and their 40 guests — Seafood Consommé, Lobster, Cheese, Creme Brûlée, with an excellent Pouilly Fume — the conversation turns to news from home. It is unredeemably bad: economic decline, rising unemployment, inflation, rising discontent, and goodness know what else. As the brandy and mints are taken around by the staff, complaints continue to crop up about our "something-for-nothing" society, with its roots in British indolence and greed. By this time, we

SIR NICHOLAS HENDERSON GCMG

have all taken the weight off our feet in order to enjoy some first-rate brandy-snaps with our liqueurs. "Can nothing really be done to halt the decline of this once great country of ours?" asks an immensely distinguished visiting statesman. It is generally agreed that only a renewed sense of vigour and national pride could spur our pitiful old country out of its present torpor. But by this time we are all feeling sleepy so, after another brandy or two, we make our separate ways to bed.

December 4th 1977: The arrival of the Prince of Wales has delighted everybody here in our Paris Embassy. He is quite brilliant at shaking hands with everyone, and walks with a natural ease by moving one leg in front of the other. The French adore him, of course, and since his arrival British exports have boomed, with two pairs of British driving gloves sold in the Lyons area alone. After his official duties are over, HRH lets his hair down, retiring to our drawing room to delight us with his imitations, which he performs quite brilliantly. "Have I done my Neddy Seagoon?" he says at 2.00 am. "No sir — that would be lovely," I reply, and he does his Neddy Seagoon for the fifteenth time, while we all applaud wholeheartedly. The role of today's diplomat, working at the coal-face of modern life, is not to be underestimated, even in this day and age of "highspeed technology" — electric toasters and so forth.

March 20th 1978: Gordon Hordern-Bordern comes in to the office to tell me of some sort of crisis in Libya. I listen patiently but without much sense of anxiety as he fills me in on their plans to bomb Western Europe to smithereens. "Why not see if little Gaddafy feels like a spot of lunch, early June or thereabouts? I have an idea he went to Harrow," I suggest. Gordon returns with the news that lunch with Gaddafy in June is out of the question. "No doubt he's an adherent of the ghastly American practice of 'the working breakfast'!" I suggest in a voice not untinged with irony. Gordon tells me Gaddafy is already busy dropping bombs. "Perhaps we should bring lunch forward to May, then," I say, "We could see if the Douarier Duchesse de Mouchy, the Elie de Rothschilds and Odette Pol-Roger might be around to amuse him." Gordon informs me that there is a bomb falling on the Embassy while we speak. "Oh, Lord," I sigh, looking at my watch, "I suppose that means we'd better make room for elevenses with Gaddafy today — any chance of getting some jam doughnuts in and perhaps a dab or two of clotted cream? And I don't suppose Princess Margaret's available? That should do the trick."

December 30th 1981: I have sent my detailed analysis of the Falklands conflict to London. It covers two full pages of foolscap, with hardly a single crossing-out. My summing-up concludes that it consisted of a difference of opinion between two major nations, ie Britain and Argentina, and that, by and large, Britain emerged victorious. I also include a summing-up of President Galtieri. I say that he is a military man who rose to the presidency, very Argentinean indeed, with a limited sense of humour. London is delighted with my report. And some people still maintain that the job of an Ambassador is all tea and buns, which are actually in very short supply, owing to Embassy cutbacks.

January 19th 1989: The Prime Minister of Korea is an exceptionally cultured man, a brilliant and congenial scholar and devoted public servant. We were indeed honoured to be able to entertain him to a finger buffet of a selection of finest cuts of British Spam at our Embassy, which has now been moved from the old manison house to the more convenient and easy-to-clean hut just six miles further along the same road. He assured us that he found our new bring-a-bottle policy highly sensible, and was obviously delighted to meet Major Ronald Ferguson, who had agreed to come along to lend the necessary glamour to the event. The trade agreement went through very smoothly, with Korea agreeing to export millions of pounds of their manufactured goods to us and we, in our turn, agreeing not to send any more of our awful stuff to them. Handshakes all round, leaving just enough time to prepare for a jolly good dinner.

A MACHINE to measure human wind has been devised by a Cambridge agricultural consultant.

Dr Colin Leakey, famous for producing user-friendly beans, is seeking a patent for his flatulence indicator.

Cambridge Evening News

1.05-1.25am Good Ideas of the 20th Century
Aleister Crowley, the 20th century's most famous black musician. *Subtitled* 2020772

Radio Times

Names, too . . .

For every word in our vocabulary we probably have half a dozen names stored somewhere in our memory — names we are expected to conjure up and spell correctly at a moment's notice.

Which spelling do you think is correct?

1 (a) Alzheimer's disease (b) Alzheimer's disease

Sunday Times

Literary Review

Di-ing for it...

Di & I
Peter Lefcourt
(Gollancz, £9.99)

SHE WAS asking for it really, wasn't she? What was Andrew Morton's *Diana: Her True Story* if not one long request for a good seeing-to? Step forward, volunteer Lefcourt.

Di & I is, in its way, just as much a book created and dictated by Diana herself as *Diana: Her True Story*. She may never have met Peter Lefcourt, never even have heard of him until this book appeared, but she has called him up out of the vasty deep. He has only give her what she so obviously wanted, in the way he knows best. She's invaded her own privacy and he's just tagged along for the ride. As it were.

It could have been worse. Strangely, it's a really well-written novel. Although previously unknown here, Lefcourt is an experienced Hollywood scriptwriter who won an Emmy as producer on *Cagney & Lacey* and also created *Remington Steele* (obviously he's a hound for women). It shows. Compared to most amateur British novels, it's well paced, neatly constructed, full of good lines.

Leonard Schecter, a sassy scriptwriter being taken to the cleaners by his ex-wife, comes to London to "research" a TV programme about Diana — just as Lefcourt himself did when he scripted *The Women of Windsor*.

Leonard asks Di for a dance at an embassy reception. He falls for her, and after he's told her he's writing an epic poem about her — *The Dianiad* — she falls for him. They meet again, in a cafe, at Ascot, at Balmoral and then at Kensington Palace, which is where Leonard first dips his wick. "Di's lips began to nibble on my ear. My hand inched down below the small of her back. Our bodies began to melt into each other..."

With Wills and Harry accompanying them, they stay with Juan Carlos on his island in the Bahamas, and then elope to Florida, in a private plane. The macho pilot asks Leonard: "You fucking her?" "Carl, that's personal, all right?" says Leonard huffily. "Just curious to know what she's like with a cock in her. No offense," says the pilot.

It's the theme of the book, really. And the answer is: Couldn't be happier, so long as it's Leonard's. "We were insanely happy those late-summer days, drunk with the newness of our love. We could not have too much of each other. We partook like gluttons and came back for more." On holiday, for example: "We sank to the floor, under the open window, and went at it like alley cats.

Her thighs thrown over my shoulders, her arms around my neck, she whispered breathy, inarticulate phrases into my ear." You think: wait a minute, that's unfeasible: thighs and arms? Then you see.

Moving to California, Leonard, Di, and the boys, set up house. They buy a Mcdonald's franchise and Di gets a nose-job as a disguise. This is a real sacrifice. Leonard is a nose-man. "Interesting problem. You want her unrecognisable and still beautiful, I assume," says the plastic surgeon. "She'll be beautiful to me without a nose," says Leonard valiantly. "That's a lovely sentiment," says the surgeon. He's on Leonard's side. "Hey, listen, as far as I'm concerned, more power to you. Frankly, I think Charles is a real stiff."

But Leonard's a man of compassion. "I was actually beginning to feel a little sorry for Charles... the guy was getting pussy-whipped in front of the whole world." He makes Wills and Harry write to say they're fine. "As I watched them composing their letters, I felt a pang of sympathy for the man back in England with the big ears and the burgeoning bald spot."

Charles tracks them down and comes over to cut a deal: the boys will go to school in England but return to California for the holidays and the summer. "By the time I am ready to leave, we are getting on quite well. I promise to call him as soon as I talk to Di and the princes. He gets up and offers his hand, we shake. 'Thank you, Leonard,' he says. 'You're welcome, Charles.' "

Peter Lefcourt appears sincerely to believe that he's doing Di a favour, showing her just how the happy private life she's been saying she wants could turn out, if she plays her cards right. He doesn't believe he's doing anything shocking. On the contrary, he's giving her, in his book at least, a good time. And he means it too. He thinks if Di reads *Di & I*, she'll love it. He's coming over for the launch and hopes she'll get in touch with him, as she gets in touch with Leonard in the novel. Then — hey, they'll just take it from there...

A bit cheeky? But Diana invited the whole world to fall in love with her, to get into the bed that Charles had so shamefully vacated. Why shouldn't this Yankee trooper take her up on it?

So *Di & I* makes a perfect coda to *Diana: Her True Story*. Morton quotes her friend Carolyn Bartholomew: "It is my dearest hope that one day she will find the happiness she truly deserves." Here it is! Diana herself says: "I've opened up. My life is changing. This is only the beginning." So is *Di & I*.

BOOKS & BOOKMEN

☐ **THERE *are* limits to the energy of Alan Clark, the former minister whose interests include shagging, money and alluding to both in his diaries.**

When Trevor Dolby, editorial director of Pavilion Books, contacted Clark at home in Kent with a suggestion that would have put extra lead in his pencil — might he like to edit an anthology of extracts from great political diaries? — Clark expressed interest but said he needed time to check the library.

Dolby assumed Clark meant the London Library or possibly the public library closest to Saltwood Castle, and was impressed by Clark's incisiveness. "Call me back tomorrow," Clark said.

When Dolby did so, Clark regretted that he could not do the book. "There's insufficient source material in the library," he said. The once famous historian who would always travel that little bit further for a fuck or a buck (cf tea at the Ritz; share accounts in the Channel Islands etc) was of course referring to his own famous library at his Saltwood home.

■ SO SUCCESSFUL did HarperCollins' top brass regard the recent assault course for executives (*Eye* 847) that a further one is contemplated.

However, so shattered and humiliated by the experience were the 40 suits and suitettes who attended that most went on holiday immediately afterwards, leaving the HarperCollins building strangely silent in the days that followed.

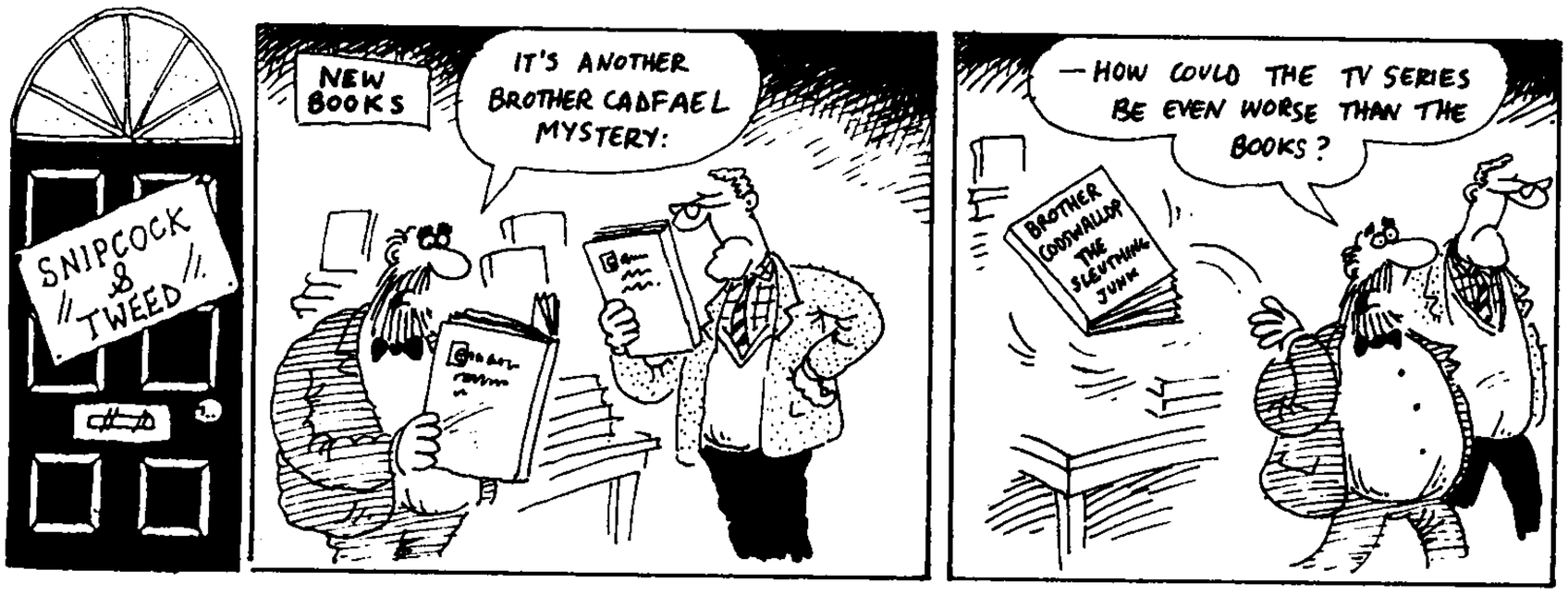
☐ *LORD Jenkins of Hillhead held 400 bookish types in rapt attention at the recent Evening Standard literary lunch at the Dorchester with a story he implied was a scoop and hadn't previously been reported.*

The story was about Richard Nixon and how, soon after becoming president, he had tea at Number Ten with Woy in attendance as the then chancellor. When coffee arrived, instead of picking up the milk jug Nixon picked up a heavy silver inkwell and poured ink all over his trousers and hands. Sir Burke Trend, the then cabinet secretary, then poured milk all over his trousers.

When Bookworm remarked to a peer of the realm how hilarious the story was, the peer replied: "Yes, it is funny the first time you hear Woy tell it, particularly when he gets it right. I have heard him tell it many times. Usually he refers not to an inkwell but to an oil well, which does rather bemuse his audiences. Besides which, you obviously haven't read his autobiography, as he tells the story there as well."

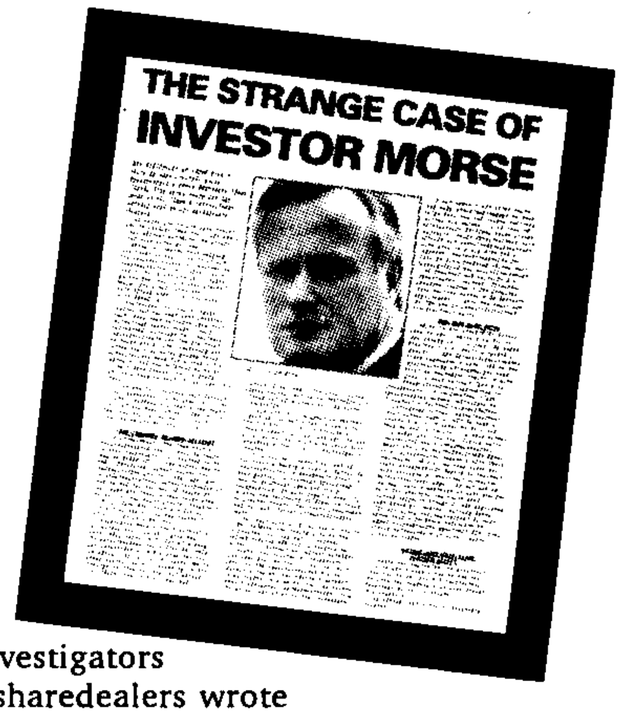
If anyone in the audience had read the autobiography they were too polite to say.

'Bookworm'


SNIPCOCK & TWEED
NEW BOOKS
IT'S ANOTHER BROTHER CADFAEL MYSTERY:
— HOW COULD THE TV SERIES BE EVEN WORSE THAN THE BOOKS?
BROTHER COOTHALLOW THE SLEUTHING JUNK

footnotes

A. CLARK'S TALE


THE STRANGE CASE OF INVESTOR MORSE

EYE 827, 27. 8. 93

THE WHOLE world knows how many members of the Harkess family went to bed with Alan Clark. Only a tiny handful of people know how many shares Clark and his stockbrokers dealt in during Clark's career as a minister from 1983 to 1992, and how many of those share deals took place during controversial company take-overs.

One man who wishes he had kept more detailed records is Mr Gerald Morse, who came to the *Eye* in the summer of last year with a story he had tried unsuccessfully to sell to almost all the national press.

Morse got in trouble in 1991 for breaking stock exchange rules in his handling of a £150,000 Channel Islands share account which he had opened for his client, the Rt Hon Alan Clark, then minister of state for defence. Morse used the money to gamble feverishly on the stock exchange.

Between 23 November 1989 when Clark released the £150,000 and 26 January 1990 (44 dealing days), £2,293,493.85 worth of stock was bought by Morse on the Clark account, and £2,256,004.87 sold. The £37,488.98 deficit was reported to The Securities Association (TSA), then the regulatory body of the stock exchange, by a disgruntled rival of Morse in the same stockbroking firm, Charlton Seal Schaverien (now bust).

The TSA investigators, Charles Poyser and Michael John, quickly realised that Morse was breaking the rules. They approached Alan Clark, who accepted that his account had been misused by Morse, but refused to make a formal complaint. Without such a complaint, the TSA could not proceed against Morse. In 1991, the TSA was replaced by a stronger body, the Securities and Futures Authority, which chucked Morse out of the stock exchange and fined him.

The SFA investigators interviewed Clark, who was not very co-operative. He said he was angry with Morse for "churning" his account, but refused to disclose details of Morse's dealings with him over the six years he knew him, 1984 to 1990. Thus Morse was disciplined without the identity of his client ever being publicly known.

Morse now tells the *Eye* more about the hundreds of thousands of pounds worth of share deals he claims he made for Clark and his family between 1984 and 1990. He remembers two deals in particular: one huge deal buying and selling shares in British American Tobacco netted some £150,000 for his client. Another deal, he says, was in shares in Pleasurama. Both deals, he says, coincided with sharp rises in the share price following news of likely take-overs of the companies (BAT by Sir James Goldsmith and others).

The investigators into BAT sharedealers wrote to Morse asking for an explanation for his investment. Morse wrote back saying he had acted on his own initiative following press speculation. This explanation was accepted by the investigators, who knew quite well that Morse's client was at the time a minister of state.

Morse says he was also contacted by investigators over his dealings for Clark's son Michael in Pleasurama and gave the same explanation, which was again accepted.

Can all this be true? From the authorities and the former minister there is nothing but talk of "confidentiality" and silence. The SFA told the *Eye* it was "unable to answer your questions about our investigation into Mr Morse's activities. The detail of specific investigation work is confidential."

The stock exchange will not disclose whether it contacted Morse about British American Tobacco or Pleasurama. Alan Clark refused to answer *Eye* questions last year about the detail of Morse's deals on his and his family's behalf, and whether they might have been seen to conflict with his interests as a minister.

Postman Prat

■ ONE OF the very few people in Britain to support privatisation of the post office is Mr Bill Cockburn, chief executive of the, er, post office.

In a special circular to staff on 20 May, Cockburn said the "best option is for the government to sell a majority shareholding in the Royal Mail (including Parcelforce) to all employees, subpostmasters and the public". This, he said, is "the only way absolutely to guarantee us all the freedom we need".

Mr Cockburn has already won the freedom he needs as post office chief executive to take jobs in private industry boardrooms. A year ago we reported (*Eye* 817) that Cockburn was a director of the big London builders VAT Watkins Holdings, which had a number of contracts from the post office.

Chief among these was the £7.5 million contract for phase one of refurbishing the huge post office complex at Mount Pleasant. Victor Watkins of VAT Watkins was described in the *Eye* as an "old friend" of Cockburn's. A post office spokesman confirms that the *Eye*'s report was accurate. He says Cockburn left the board of VAT Watkins Holdings last July (two and half months after the *Eye* report) and that phase one of the refurbishment of Mount Pleasant is "very near to completion". This is fortunate since on 8 June VAT Watkins Holdings and its subsidiaries went into receivership.

Mr Cockburn's departure from the board of his friend's company did not restrict his freedom to sit in other private boardrooms. He remains a director of the big garage, vans and motor servicing group, Lex Service.

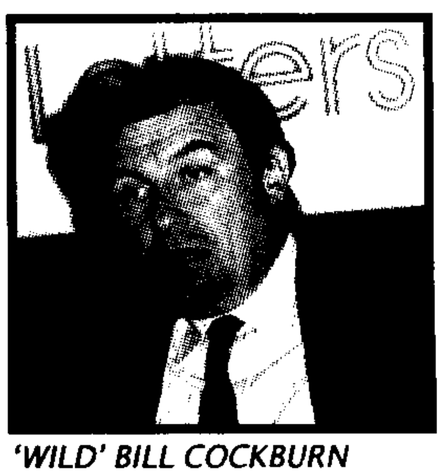
The *Eye* put the following questions to the post office. The answers need to be checked carefully with the questions.

Was Mr Cockburn's appointment at Lex approved by the post office board?

A: Yes. It was agreed by the chairman of the post office and also approved by the department of industry.

Was there any restriction on him at Lex in view of the obvious likely overlap of business with the post office (vans etc)?

A: No conflict. Because of the post office's bulk-buying policy we only buy our vans direct from the manufacturers.


'WILD' BILL COCKBURN

Does the post office have any contracts with or on behalf of Lex Garages?

A: No contracts.

Why is such a senior post office officer allowed to take up a directorship outside the post office?

A: This is positively encouraged by the government as it helps provide a better interface between industry and the public and exchange of experience. Mr Cockburn is also a director of the Business in the Community Board; a Trustee of the Princess Royal Trust for Carers and is also on the advisory board to the Duchess of York for Motor Neurone Disease Association.

THE THINGS THEY SAY

"Dividend control is socialism."

John Major, interview in Daily Telegraph, 8 June.

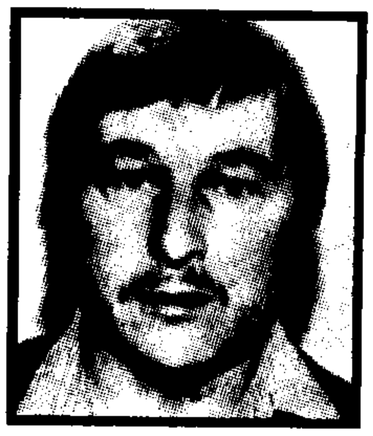
TED OVER HEELS

■ A HUGE sigh of relief could be heard throughout Whitehall on publication of a report from Iraq by Ted Hefford, a Leicester engineer commissioned by the International Atomic Energy Agency to test British machines exported to Iraq for nuclear potential.

MATRIX MACHINES CLEARED OF IRAQ NUCLEAR ARMS ROLE trumpeted the *Engineer* on 19 May. "Fears" that machines exported by the Iraqi-owned British firm Matrix Churchill had a nuclear potential, reported the *Engineer*, had been "laid to rest by the painstaking research" of Mr Hefford. The *Guardian* took up the *Engineer*'s scoop under the headline EQUIPMENT SENT TO IRAQ "NOT RISKY".

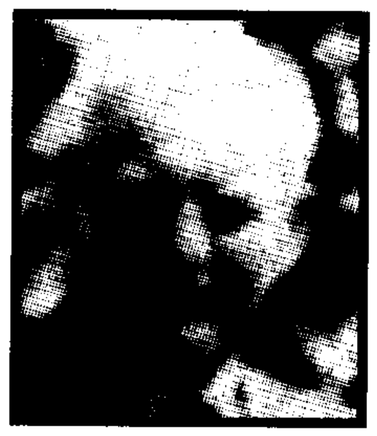
Whoops! The very next week the *Engineer* front page was dealing with the same subject again. Its headline now read rather differently: UN REPORT PUTS NEW LIGHT ON IRAQI NUCLEAR PROJECTS. "Evidence", the story disclosed, "has emerged that Matrix Churchill made parts used in uranium enrichment for use in Iraq's nuclear bomb's project." Another document commissioned by the same International Atomic Energy Agency "contradicts Leicester engineer Ted Hefford" and provides proof that Matrix Churchill supplied small components of a centrifuge for Iraq's K100 uranium enrichment project.

PS: Ted Hefford is a former consultant to the Machine Tools Technologies Association, which represented Matrix Churchill and other such firms in their bids to export lathes to Iraq.



HUBERT SPENCER

'I killed the killer'



HUBERT WILKES

THE BRIDGEWATER CASE

■ A STARTLING new statement has shed more light on the macabre coincidence between two farmhouse murders less than a mile apart from each other.

The first was the murder of newspaper boy Carl Bridgewater at Yew Tree Farm, Wordsley, West Midlands, in 1978; the second was the murder at the farm next door of Hubert Wilkes in 1979. Both were killed on a sofa by a single blast from a shotgun.

The new statement comes from a man who was in Wayland prison, Norfolk, with Hubert Spencer, the ambulance officer who shot Wilkes. This bizarre shooting during a pre-Christmas sherry party only six weeks after four men had been convicted of the Bridgewater killing has never been explained.

In a signed statement to James Nichol, solicitor to the men convicted of Carl's murder, the new witness says he regularly met and talked to Spencer in the latter's cell in early 1991. The witness had read an article about the Bridgewater murder, and mentioned the case to Spencer.

The statement goes on: "Bert took an intake of breath. He started nodding his head and he said: 'I killed the man who killed Carl Bridgewater'. I think he stood up. It was obvious he did not want to discuss the matter... I left." Soon afterwards, says the witness, he said the same thing again.

This statement could be consigned to the pile of weird and contradictory statements attributed to Spencer over the years were it not for the curious behaviour of farmer Hubert Wilkes in the days following the newspaper boy's murder.

On 23 September 1978, four days after the murder Wilkes, whose Holloway House farm adjoined the one where the boy was shot, told police he had been to Kidderminster market in the morning in his gold BMW, passing Yew Tree Farm at about 3.15pm on his return. He had, he said, seen nothing unusual.

On 24 September, police interviewed a local farm labourer called George Jones. Jones said he was driving a tractor slowly past Yew Tree Farm between 3.15 and 3.30 on the afternoon of the murder. He had a good look at the farm as he passed it. "I saw the cream-coloured top of a Land Rover parked in the drive... My own family own a Land Rover and I am familiar with this vehicle... I know that Mr Wilkes of Holloway Farm owns a Land Rover of the same model to the one which I saw in the driveway to Yew Tree Farm."

Back went police to Wilkes. On 25 September he made another, rather different statement:

"There are a number of points in the previous statement which I made which are not correct." He had not, after all, gone to market in his BMW, but had travelled instead in his cream-roofed Land Rover.

Though he insisted he had not been to Yew Tree Farm itself, his new statement had him in his cream-roofed Land Rover going past the farm at about 3.15, almost exactly the same time Mr Jones saw a cream-roofed Land Rover in the farm drive.

And what about Hubert Spencer? A blue Vauxhall Viva driven by a man in uniform was seen turning into the farm driveway at 2.50pm. Police scoured the whole of the West Midlands for a man in uniform who drove a blue Vauxhall Viva. They could find only one: Hubert Spencer. Spencer knew the farm well and coveted the antiques in it. Everything about him fitted the murderer except an assurance from Mrs Barbara Riebold, his secretary at Corbett Hospital, Stourbridge, who said he was in the hospital all afternoon after coming back from lunch.

Carl Bridgewater was shot at 4.20pm. Spencer and Wilkes were close friends. Both knew Yew Tree Farm well. Spencer's route from his home, where he lunched that day, took him past the farm.

Is it possible that Spencer, on his return from lunch, checked that the farmhouse was empty, went back to the hospital and contacted his friend Wilkes with the news that the coast was clear. If Wilkes did indeed have a hand in the murder while robbing the farm, there is an explanation for:

- Spencer's presence at the farm earlier, and his curious behaviour after the murder in which he was nervous and less than frank with investigating police officers;
- the Riebold alibi;
- the fact that vehicles strikingly similar to both Spencer's and Wilkes's were seen in the farm drive within a few minutes of each other on the afternoon of the murder.

None of this can explain why four quite separate people were arrested and charged with the murder because they robbed another farm several miles away two and a half months later.

There was no forensic evidence to connect any of the four men with Yew Tree Farm, which they insisted they had never visited. But they were convicted anyway. Six weeks after their conviction came the sherry party at Holloway House Farm in the course of which Spencer went outside into the yard, sawed off one of his host's shotguns, returned to the front room and shot Wilkes through the head. He then did his best to shoot his wife and Wilkes's daughter into the bargain.

Only now, 15 years later, in this reported conversation from Weyland prison, has he provided a rational explanation.

STIRLING WORK

■ When the Tories won control of the hung Stirling district council in 1992 by drawing the highest card from a pack, they immediately started to privatise the council's legal services.

A prominent figure seen in the council's Corn Exchange buildings was Mr J. Ross Harper CBE, prominent Scottish solicitor and former chairman of the Scottish Tory party. Mr Harper was full of useful advice as to how the legal services should be privatised.

The contract went out to tender. Four local firms applied and two very big ones — Bird Semple Fyfe and Ireland from Edinburgh; and Harper McLeod from Glasgow, senior partner, J. Ross Harper CBE.

MR J. ROSS HARPER

A shortlist of two was compiled: Bird Semple Fyfe and Ireland and Harper McLeod. On the day before they presented their case, the Edinburgh firm suddenly withdrew from the contest, leaving the field open to Harper McLeod, which won the contract .

A spokesman for Stirling district council stressed that Mr J. Ross Harper CBE was not paid by the council for any consulting work before the privatisation process. He did not agree that this was yet another awful example of Scottish Tories handing out jobs and contracts to their supporters.

RUBBLE TROUBLE

GRAHAM GREEN, Labour leader of Gravesham council in Kent, was hopping mad when a nursing home firm illegally demolished a historic mansion. "This amounts to a criminal offence," he said, "and the council will consider whether it's appropriate to prosecute".

No decision has yet been made. And nor is it likely that Mr Green realises that among those who may have to be prosecuted is the Rt Hon Lord Ennals, former Labour secretary of state for health and social security.

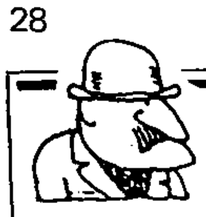
Takare Ltd (motto: "taking care together") was given permission by Gravesham council to build a nursing home in the grounds of the historic mansion — Wombwell Hall — provided it kept the hall in good condition.

On Easter Saturday, without giving formal notice of demolition as it had to do by law, Takare sent in a gang which in four hours reduced the hall to rubble. Takare now owns a nice empty site which can be used for building more nursing homes. The firm's chief excuse — that the hall was used for satanic rituals — was rather damaged by the recent report that no such rituals take place. The claim that it tried without

success to sell the hall is refuted by several prospective buyers ir the area, including Mr Peers Carter, who said he put in an offer himself.

Takare's business is looking after the elderly and infirm in institutions which are paid for mainly by government grants to the inmates. It is one of the most profitable companies in the country. Last year it made a profit of £11 million on turnover of £40 million. Its chairman, Keith Bradshaw is worth about £30 million; and Lord Ennals has been on the board since 1991.

You can write to Paul Foot at 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 071 287 3163



In the City

CONCENTRATION on the hotter item of Alan Clark, the judge's wife and the judge's daughters has obscured the former Tory minister's long and close friendship with a City share dealer much more interesting and successful than the banned Gerald Morse (see Footnotes).

For as his *Diaries* reveal, Clark was "a friend of many years" of none other than Christopher Selmes: known to Clark as "Daisy"; to many other as "The Weasel" — and to the Stock Exchange as the kingpin in the biggest and longest running insider dealing operation in the stock market.

During 1983, when Clark became a minister, and 1984 there are several references to meetings with Selmes who, it is said, had lost "most" of his fortune during the 1974-75 crash. Clark had known Selmes since at least 1969.

"The Weasel" had indeed taken a big hit but he was far from down and out. Assets were hidden in the names of one or more little friends to avoid the claims of bankers Keyser Ullmann to whom Selmes owed £10 to £20 million. As Clark recalls, by the early eighties Selmes was living in some style with homes in London and the country, financed largely by insider dealing.

The final reference, in December 1984, by Clark gives an interesting insight into the market playing MP's view of "Daisy". The *Diaries* record an offer from Selmes to "handle my investments". Clark rejected the offer because he suspected Selmes wanted to "use my money... to prime his own dodgy little deals".

And there was never any shortage of those with "Daisy" or his circle of fellow homosexuals and whip-wielding SM enthusiasts among the stockbroking, merchant banking, fund management and legal fraternities. Operating through offshore companies and bank accounts, Selmes and his colourful crew of screaming queens, pin-striped spankers and assorted camp followers were always top of the Stock Exchange's list of usual suspects whenever it came to probing unexplained but informed share price movements.

Just what Selmes and Clark discussed at their many meetings the former minister does not reveal. But the references are enough to show that Clark was well aware of Selmes's reputation in and out of the bedroom.

All of which must have come rushing back when, two years after Clark became a junior minister at the department of trade and industry, the DTI announced it was setting up an investigation into the possible illegal non-disclosure of share dealings in a bevy of companies in which "Daisy" and friends had been partying.

The DTI investigation into James Niell, Francis Industries, F.H. Lloyd, Mersey Docks & Harbour and Metal Closures focused on Selmes and two of his closest business but not bedroom associates — stockbroker Michael Somerset-Leeke and David Abell, chairman of the Suter industrial group. Even though there is no suggestion that Clark had dealt in these shares, any spotlight on Selmes, who had "gone to pieces", could not have been welcome.

The share dealings concerned covered a period from 1983. Coincidentally, Clark's diary records staying at Selmes's home, Lygrove House, Badminton, in late August 1984. Clark recounts how: "At intervals Christopher had long telephone conversations with a man called Suter. They would start slowly and calmly, rise in pitch and go accusatory and loud."

Just what "Daisy" and "Suter", presumably a reference to Abell, were getting accusatory about Clark does not say. It may not in any way have been connected to share dealings in James Neill which both had been engaged in trading since April 1984.

Just what poor "Daisy" had to say about his share dealings the DTI inspectors never heard. Selmes died of Aids in December 1988 before they were able to interview him. The excitable "Weasel" therefore was never able to talk about his friendship with the then trade minister and any possible conversations about investments they might have shared over the years.

The DTI report on James Neill et al was published last year. It cleared Abell of secretly acting in concert with "Daisy", "Springer" and others, but raised serious questions about the Abell "fan club" and suggested company law should be broadened to force greater disclosure of such "clubs" and their share dealing.

D-DAY FOR the Serious Farce Office (AFO) could be the end of this month or soon after.

The word is that after receiving responses from the treasury and the home office, attorney-general Sir Nicholas Lyell will announce his decision on the SFO's future — or lack of it — by early July.

The betting is still on a merger with the crown prosecution service's fraud investigation group, but who will be in charge — director of public prosecutions and former SFO director Barbara Mills, or current SFO director George Staple — remains uncertain.

SO FAREWELL, then, "Changi" Jim Slater, the not *Independent* at all's self-styled investment guru.

Slater's weekly column appeared for the last time on 19 May and then, with none of the trumpetings that announced his ill-advised arrival in February last year, he was gone. Another sign perhaps of the fast loosening grip of editor Andreas Whittam Smith (soon to go) and former business editor Christopher Huhne (already gone) who invited him in.

Whether the *Independent* was finally shamed into sacking the old company law breaker seems most unlikely given those now in control at Newspaper Publishing. More likely perhaps is that the guru became a luxury the financially challenged newspaper could no longer afford. Especially as there never seemed any benefits to compensate for the loss of credibility suffered through recruiting such a tainted tipster.

Either way it will be no great loss to the *Independent*'s ever shrinking readership. With Slater bearish of the UK market there was increasingly little for him to write about. His last share tip was in mid-December. What is the point of paying for a tipster who does not give any tips?

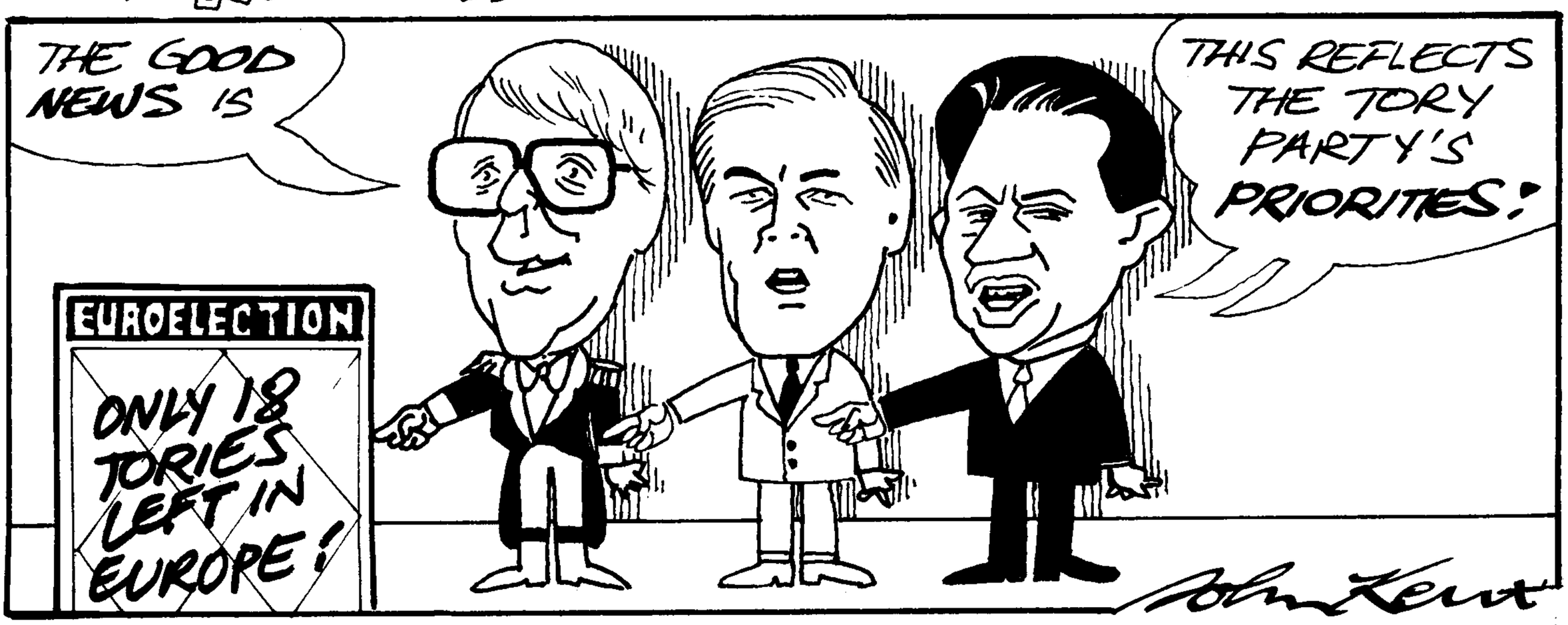
Also the performance was becoming increasingly unguru-like as share prices continued to slide. In one of his last columns on 14 April Slater reviewed his 14 share picks and calculated that the 10 winners and four losers had netted a profit of 21 percent on a £12,000 investment compared with the 10 percent rise in the *Financial Times* All Share Index which Slater set out to beat.

But as has been pointed out here on many occasions, that comparison is deceptively self-serving because it ignores both the inability of *Independent* readers to buy at the recommended price due to the initial mark up by dealers on publication and the not so little matter of dealing costs. Slater himself was finally forced to concede the first point and adjusted his achievement to a 16 percent rise over the prices at the end of day one. But as he also estimates dealing costs at close to another 5 percent that would suggest that he beat the *FT* marker by a mere 1 to 2 percent!

The past two months have not improved that result. Indeed it has become even less flattering to the author of *Investment Made Easy*. Using Slater's own prices at which he sold, the net gain on the 11 UK picks (seven winners, four losers — three winners were in Hong Kong) ended at an average 20.5 percent. That figure is greatly boosted by the more than doubled price of Flextech. Without Flextech the six other winners average a gain of some 11.5 percent. And that is using the recommended price, not the price after day one. Stripping out that unachievable gain and adding dealing costs would suggest that the real profit was little better, if better at all, than the 11.7 percent gain in the *FT* All Share since February 1993. Some guru!

Slater told readers last year that if they could not beat the *FT* index "you should consider switching to a unit trust". The *Independent* have belatedly taken his advice.

'Slicker'



Enlightened Tobacco Company Plc:

TAKE AN ACTIVE PART IN CANCER RESEARCH. SMOKE OUR CIGARETTES.

Every time you smoke a cigarette you are increasing your chances of developing lung cancer.

No surprise there. Until, that is, you consider that the above statement is made by a tobacco company.

As you will no doubt be aware, it is far more usual for cigarette manufacturers to avoid any discussions on the health risks involved.

'No comment' is the most detailed statement you can typically expect from an industry spokesperson.

The same does not apply to the Enlightened Tobacco Company. We are the only tobacco company to openly admit that smoking is the major cause of lung cancer.

But that's not enough.

As far as we're concerned, if we're willing to accept the association, we should also be willing to accept some of the responsibility.

That's why we give 10% of our pre-tax profits to non-vivisection cancer charities.

Before you all breathe a sigh of relief, however, our contribution should be put into perspective.

Over the last few decades, billions of pounds have been poured into cancer research. There is still no cure. Neither is there likely to be one in the foreseeable future.

Besides, even if a miracle cure for lung cancer was found, you'd still have to hope for an equally miraculous cure for emphysema, bronchitis, laryngeal cancer and heart disease.

The best way to avoid developing any of these smoking-related illnesses is obvious. Give up.

And that's another surprising statement to be made by a tobacco company.

Do we really want our customers to stop smoking?

If that were the case, Death as a brand would not have much of a life.

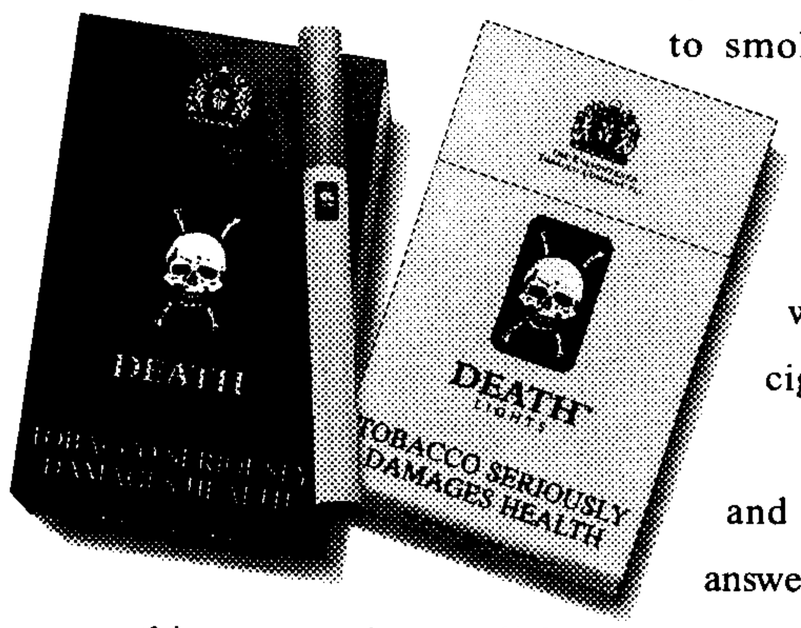
That's clearly absurd.

We make cigarettes and we want you, as a smoker, to buy them. That's why both Death and Death Lights are made from the finest blends of luxury Virginia tobacco.

In fact, the only real difference between Death and other cigarettes is that we make no attempt to disguise any of the dangers.

Take our name for example. It leaves no doubt as to the consequences you face by smoking. That's simply not true of other brand names.

It is hard to think of many that don't project an image of



something expensive, stylish, sophisticated or exotic.

The same can be said of their advertising campaigns.

Despite all the stringent guidelines that apply, or perhaps because of them, cigarette advertisements are now so subtle that they rarely contain any reference to cigarettes whatsoever.

Ironically, there is often just one way to tell what is actually being advertised.

And that is the health warning at the bottom.

But unless they decide to ban tobacco, the Government health warning remains just that. A warning.

You have every right to ignore the risks and continue to smoke if you choose.

No doubt there will always be people who say that you are wasting your money on cigarettes.

Buy Death however, and you'll be able to answer, quite truthfully, that you are not.

After all, 10% of the money we make is going to cancer research.

DEATH 13mg TAR 1.0mg NICOTINE

DEATH LIGHTS 7mg TAR 0.7mg NICOTINE

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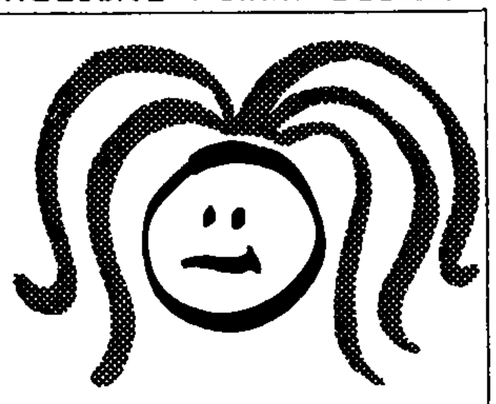

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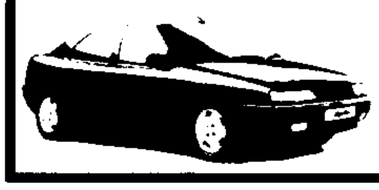

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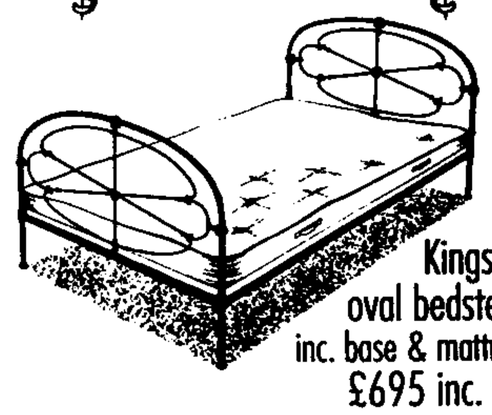
BEDSTEADS



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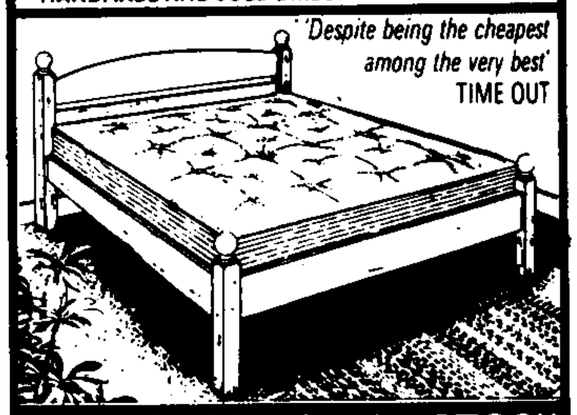

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Centred semi-displayed advertisements £3.20 a word.
Box numbers £8.00 each
(including forwarding of replies).

Send your advertisements with your name, address, telephone number and cheque or postal order (payable to **PRESSDRAM LTD** - no cash please) to PRIVATE EYE SMALLS, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG. Also use this address to reply to box numbers. ACCESS, VISA or SWITCH cardholders may dictate advertisements on 071 734 6887 (24hrs) or Fax details on 071 437 0705. Submit advertisements to arrive at least 10 days before issue date. We regret there may be a delay before publication of EYE LOVE advertisements due to demand.

Send your advertisements to reach us by Tuesday 21st June for inclusion in the next issue.

FOR DISPLAY ADVERTISING:
071 437 4017

Quote of the week:

Peter Sellers would whizz along the passages [of Windsor Castle] on a tea trolley. "You'll find it's much safer to ride one of the horses out in the paddock, Mr Sellers," said the Queen. The Duke of Edinburgh, not to be left out, set fire to the tablecloth.
Roger Lewis, Sunday Times

SPEECHWRITING by Mitch Murray. See page 30.

NOW 5702 DAYS innocent inside. Your help needed. Write Home Office. Urge appeal Bridgewater Four. JJ&Å.

LADYTEC INVESTIGATES discreet, professional, reliable. 0372 467951. 0831 109717

KOMODO INVESTIGATION & Information Services. 0903 851522.

CATS. Nice cross-section of colours to choose from. House-trained, bilingual. FREE. Ring Tony Rushton on either 071 437 4017 or 736 0179.

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GENUINE FAKES. Paintings copied from originals or photographs. 061 929 6171.

A TITLE FOR a tenner? Oh yes! Details from SURVIVAL, Gayfield, Arbroath, Scotland DD11 1QJ.

BALLOONAGRAMS £16.50 including delivery. 0362 697481.

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SPORTY VICTORIAN replica boxing bottoms. For free leaflet phone 071 278 6419.

CAR WINDOW STICKERS "Be British, Buy British" £1.00, PATRIOTIC POSTERS, 26 The Square, Milnthorpe, Cumbria LA7 7QT.

PISSED OFF being stuck behind caravans? — Send £2.30 (inc p&p) for your National Anti Caravan Club sticker to N.A.C.C., PO Box 37, Grantham, Lincs NG32 3SR.

P.M.S. women readers send £2.30 (inc p&p) for your car sticker "Back Off, Driver With P.M.S. And A Handgun, Anyone Got A Problem?" to WOMEN, PO Box 37, Grantham, Lincs NG32 3SR.

WILDFLOWERS free catalogue. D LEE, 25 Hoelaran, Bala, Gwynedd LL23 7SP.

HOT TUB. Car towable. 0825 890491.

FLOATING HELIUM BALLOON sent by post £13.50. Champagne, Godiva Belgian chocs, teddies. Call 081 856 5222 FREE Balloonmail brochure + £1 off voucher.

BUYGONES — Victor Lewis-Smith's hilarious original book (censored version now on TV) — a celebration of past tense products and people. £7.95 Inc P&P. BANYAN BOOKS, 50 Margaret Street, London W1N 7FD.

BALLOON SAFARIS around London/south east — gift vouchers. 0784 451007.

BIRTHDATE/ANNIVERSARY newspapers — FREEPHONE 0800 906609.

BALLOON FLIGHTS Berks/ Hants/ Herts/ Surrey, great gift idea, £95. ADVENTURE BALLOONS 081 840 0108.

NAME A STAR for the one you love. International star registry allocates and registers name of your choice in USA & Switzerland. Fab gift pack includes splendid colour certificate inscribed in calligraphy and star chart pinpointing exact location. £47.50 inclusive. Access/Visa/Diners/Amex/cheque. Call Freephone 0800 212493 or write ISR, Freepost, 24 Highbury Grove, London N5 2BR.

PRENUPTIAL agreements. His/ hers, parent/ teenager, realistic, humorous. £12. CONTRAX, 10 Cross Street, Hove BN3 1AJ. 0273 738783.

CARICATURIST for parties and trade fairs. 081-520 7262.

CARICATURES from photos. £20. 0548 810468.

DESIGNER-TYPE WATCHES — be like a film-star for as little as £15. Ideal gift. Mail-order trade enquiries welcome. Phone for a catalogue: 0628 784611.

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THE LIBERAL PARTY. Unlike the three main parties, the Liberal Party rejects personality politics, is anti-Maastricht and anti-nuclear. For more information write to: 22 Gayfere Street, London SW1P 3HP. Tel 071 233 2124.

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FREE CHESS CATALOGUE. Tel/fax 071 490 1708

FREE FOOTBALL VIDEO catalogue. Tel/fax 071 490 1708.

HYDROPONICS. and Growlights. "Grow any plant, anywhere, anytime." Free brochure. GROWELL HYDROPONICS (Solihull) 0675 443950.

STD CODE DECODER locates advertisers. 1994 edition. £3. Two copies £5. OAKLEY PUBLISHING, (PE), Surlingham Lane, Rockland St Mary, Norwich NR14 7HH.

EYE PROTECT! Safety footwear, goggles etc. Fire and safety signs. Your text signs printed/engraved. Nationwide. WORTHING SAFETY fonefax 0903 761288.

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DISCREET SURVEILLANCE equipment, Books, Videos. QUANTEK ELECTRONICS, 021 411 1821.

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CRASH DRIVING COURSES in beautiful Bath. 0225 420352.

CLAY PIGEON lessons/ gift vouchers/corporate shoots, from £29.00. Stanhill Claysports, Surrey 0293 821741.

INTENSIVE DRIVING tuition — at end of Northern/District line. 0737 357822.

RAUNCHY ROCK BAND, girl singer (South West) 0548 810462.

GRANDCHILDREN OF ALBION live on cassette £7 from NEW DEPARTURES, Bisley, Glos GL6 7BU. Reading at Troubadour, 265 Old Brompton Road, Earls Ct, SW5 Mon 20 June 8pm. M Jamal/G Nichols £3/£2.50.

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£150+ PER WEEK mailing commission circulars. Part time, working from home. SAE: GOWER PRESS, Dept 94/3678, Suite 5-7, Connies House, Rhymney River Bridge Road, Cardiff CF3 7YZ.

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LIGHTNING charcoal portrait artist seeks venues. Exhibitions, fairs, promotions. Permanent or occasional. 0785 660926.

JUNIOR HOSPITAL DOCTOR, 26, in between jobs seeks interesting work UK/abroad. Anything considered. Box 5748.

GREAT LITTLE BOOKS going cheap. SAE: U PRODUCTIONS. PO Box 1604, Brighton BN1 6PX.

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GIRLS' OWN magazine — for women who prefer women. £2. B.M. PRINCESS (P.E.), London WC1 (full address).

GOVERNMENT AUCTION NEWS — 071-928 9001

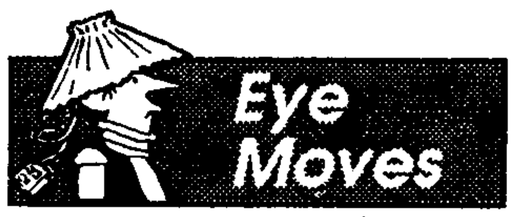
HAD ANY UNHELPFUL dealings with the police? Did you complain? What happened? Researcher would like to know. Please contact Ingrid de Groot, 3 Slingsby Place, London WC2.

COMEDY WRITER seeks stand up comedian for collaboration. 081 986 8278 ask for ND.

462-599: £15. 0296 655381.

EYES 722-846 £40 091 264 8613.

EYES NUMBER 5 to 684 incomplete. Offers Box 0148.



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RAIL FARE CRIPPLING family budget. £2995.00 desperately sought for season ticket. Please help. Box 5348.

LADY TEACHING Gypsy people to read on site. My midi van failed MoT, scrapped. Anyone help? Box 5248.

STUDENT NURSE — third year. In financial despair. Any donations welcomed. Box 0248.

YOUNG MAN unemployed and in debt, any donations much appreciated. Box 0348.

FEMALE 21 needs donations to help escape to Australia with baby because of ex violent husband. Box 0448.

BAD FACIAL DISFIGUREMENT requires plastic surgery. £1500 needed for operation. Genuine and can prove. Box 0548.

OXFORD STUDENT with child urgently needs funds to study. Box 0648.

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DESPERATE MAN, adaptable, educated, urgently needs funds to survive, absolutely anything legal considered. Please help. Box 5148.

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NEAR SNOWDONIA: enormous farmhouse, £285 week. 0743 741543.

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"WALKWOMAN". Walking weekends for women, brochure 0274 594857.

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ROTTINGDEAN — 3 miles from Brighton. B&B in comfortable house by sea from £12.50. Tel 0273 301269 for brochure.

HEREFORDSHIRE HOLIDAY cottages. 0432 851062.

BOURNEMOUTH BYCLIFFE Filipino guesthouse. Doubles £29.95. 0202 552961.

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AMSTERDAM — smokers' weekend. Also camping holidays every Friday. Only £35. 0282 450275 any time.

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COTSWOLDS GLIDING CLUB. Five day holiday courses inclusive of all flying and instruction £225. Accommodation lists supplied. Telephone 0285 760415 for brochure.

SPECIAL HIMALAYAN wildflower expedition departing 23 July. Further stimulating holidays in North India includes trekking, biking, cultural and wildlife jeep safaris: HIMALAYAN FOLKWAYS, 10 Station Parade, Eastbourne 0323 646604.

TUSCANY S/C comfortable farm house convenient, reasonable. Phone 24hr 0686 413345.

GREECE CYCLADES. Mykonos (direct flights), Paros, Antiparos, Ios, Santorini, Sifnos, Serifos, etc. Pensions, tavernas, villas, multicentre. Simply great! SIMPLY SIMON HOLIDAYS. ATOL 2578. 071 373 1933.

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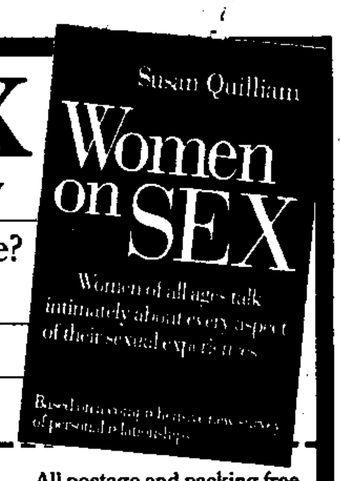

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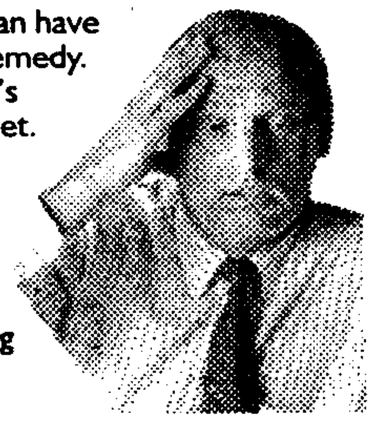

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